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PRICE ONE PENNY.



[HOME AGAIN.]

GLORIA; OR, MARRIED IN RAGE.

CHAPTER IX

Miss GRIPP's ideas of the propriety of two children of such opposite social positions as Gloria and David Lindsay, the fisherlad, evincing a familiarity and childish attachment to each other, received a severe shock; in her mind's eye she foresaw that the attachment must be immediately but quietly severed, and she spent the next two days in finding a suitable boarding school for Gloria, and arranged that her vacations should not be passed at home, and several years glided by in this manner.

The time that had been spent by Gloria in study during the school terms, or in travel during her vacations, had been passed by David Lindsay on the little sandy island near the promontory.

This was his post of duty. Here his aged grandmother still lived, without any companion or protector but himself.

He had steadily worked on the fishing landing, and he had employed his limited leisure in studying the elementary school-books left with him by his little playmate.

He had thoroughly mastered them all, and now he longed for more liberty and better means of culture. But, true sentinel of Providence, he would not leave his sterile post of duty to attain them.

He had long ceased to ask after Gloria, chilled by the coldness with which his modest inquiries had been met by Colonel de Crespigny.

But he had never forgotten his childhood's friend. He cherished the memory of the summers passed in the society of his little playmate as the happiest portions of his poor life; and he worshipped her

image, that, in the light of that memory, shone like the vision of an angel.

It was she who found him on the beach toiling at his daily task, and had awakened his strong but dormant intelligence, and inspired him with the love and longing for knowledge.

He owed her this good, and was glad and grateful to owe it.

One morning, in June, he arose early as usual, and looking out from the little loft window of his bedroom in the island cot, he saw an unusual thing—a large schooner at the old promontory wharf, and men engaged in landing many boxes, barrels and kegs.

He had a job of work to do on the landing that day, so he dressed himself quickly, ate his breakfast in a hurry, got into his little old boat, and in a few moments rowed himself to the wharf.

"What is all this to do?" he inquired of old Laban, who was very importantly busy receiving the goods.

"Come ashore and lend me a hand here! Our young lady is coming home for good dis fall, and de house an' groun' is to be done up splendid for her—an' outen her money, too, for I know Marse Colonel hasn't got none to spare!" answered the servant, as he let down a heavy box he had been helping to land.

David Lindsay secured his boat, sprang on the wharf, and gave his assistance to the men.

"So Miss de la Vera is really coming home?" he ventured to ask of Laban.

"Yes, on de first October, Ole Marse Colonel, he done gone to take her out'n school when de holidays come, an' dey's gwine for a trip to some o' dem outlandish savidge parts o' de worl', and dey's gwine to be gone all de summer; but dey's comin' back in de fall; dat is, ef so be de cannibals out in dem dere parts don't kill and eat 'em fust! I fink it's downright dangeous an' a temptin' o' Providence to leave one's 'spacable home an' go traipsin' off to dem dere igno't places!" exclaimed Laban, in a tone of disgust and abhorrence.

"Miss de la Vera going abroad!" said David Lindsay, to himself rather than to Laban.

"Hi! what I tell you, boy? Yes, gwine abroad long o' Marse Colonel Discrepancy! Gwine to see de savidges what lib across de big sea. Dere, now yer got it. I calls it a downright flyin' inter de face ob Providence, I does! What he fink de Lord A'mighty put de big sea a rollin' 'tween we and dem an' de cannibals for he to go an' sail across it on a big ship out'n contrariness?" said Laban.

"Is Miss Agrippina to be of the party?" inquired the young man.

"No. Miss Agravater is gwine to stay here to watch the workmen. Miss Agravater gwine indeed? Catch her at it! Wish she was, dough! She might go, 'bout any danger. Cannibals wouldn't eat her, leastways not if dey wa'n't uncommon hungry!"

David Lindsay said no more, but mused, as he helped to land the goods.

"Dere's an' arckman an' a decorum an' a skippin' gardener comin' down by the stage-coach to-morrow," explained Laban, meaning the architect, decorator, and landscape gardener engaged by Colonel de Crespigny to transform the dreary promontory and its prison-like buildings into a habitable home for the young heiress.

"And a precious deal ob money it is a gwine to cost, too, wherever it comes from, which I do 'anects it'll be out'n Miss Glo's own fortin', for Marse Colonel Discrepancy hasn't got too much to tro' away, dat I knows."

Laban was mistaken. He had been misled by appearance.

Marcel de Crespigny, leading his hermit life at the promontory never receiving company, and never going from home except when he went to take his ward from school, spent little money, had few wants, and lived like a very much poorer gentleman than he really was.

Hence, in the years he had spent at the promontory, the revenues from the fisheries, though not large, had been left to accumulate until they reached a round sum, which he determined to invest in the restoration and improvement of Promontory Hall, to make his home as attractive as possible to his beautiful and beloved ward.

The goods brought to the wharf were all landed and stowed away in the old dilapidated store-house, and then the schooner sailed away, and David Lindsay crossed the point to the fishing landing and set about his own especial work.

The next day the architect, decorator, and landscape gardener came, and work began. The three principals went back and forth between the promontory and the city once or twice a month, but the workmen remained and were quartered in the house, to the great discontent of Miss Agrippina, who avowed that she had never spent such a disagreeable summer in all the days of her life.

The works were all completed, however, by the middle of October; the grey stone walls of the old house were completely covered by a veneering of thin white slats, that gave the building the appearance of a marble palace.

French plate-glass windows opened upon the piazzas with mosaic floors and Corinthian pillars. A mansard roof crowned the mansion. A fine garden, with a parterre of flowers, bloomed around it. Beyond that, the once barren fields were verdant with grass.

The fishing-landing on the point had been abolished as an ugly nuisance, and a pretty pier, with an equally pretty boat-house, had been erected on the place. The old sea-wall was repaired, and a hedge of osage orange trees was planted on its inner side.

Within the house every part was refurnished freshly and handsomely, if not very expensively.

When the finishing touch was put to the hanging of the mirrors and the drooping of the curtains, the decorator and the upholsterer, who were the last of the artisans to depart, came to take leave of Miss Agrippina de Crespiigny.

"And I suppose you are very glad to see the last of us, ma'am," said Mr. Bracket, the great artist in "effects."

"I should rather see you here than your successors," replied Miss Agrippina, with even unusual grimness.

"Beg pardon?" said Bracket, interrogatively.

"I say I would rather see you here than your certain successors, the sheriff's officers, for I expect they will be the next strangers I shall be called upon to entertain! Such extravagance I never did see in all the days of my life! Well, I thank Providence my little portion is safe enough. Marcel can't make ducks and drakes out of that."

The two men bowed themselves out of Mrs. "Agravater's" presence and went their way.

Colonel de Crespiigny and Gloria were expected home in a few days. They had returned from their tour in a steamer, and were making a shorter tour before completing their travels.

The first of October was a glorious autumn day. The sun was shining with dazzling splendour from a deep blue, cloudless sky; a soft, bright golden haze hung over the gorgeously coloured woods and fields.

The new carriage and horses had been sent to St. Inigoos to meet the stage that was to bring the travellers that far on their journey home. It was from this circumstance that David Lindsay knew that Colonel de Crespiigny and Gloria were expected to arrive that afternoon. He knew, besides, that they could only come at low tide, when the waves would have ebbed from the "neck" and left the road free. There would be low tide at half-past three o'clock.

Now the poor young fisherman was seized with an irresistible longing to look once more upon the face of her whom he had loved with the purest and most devoted affection from the hour of their childhood when she found him on the beach and claimed him as her playmate until this hour, when, after a seven years' absence, she was returning home. If he should not succeed in getting a glimpse of her now, he feared that he might never see her again. For his occupation on the promontory was gone, since the fishing-landing had been replaced by a pier and a boat-house.

He took his fishing-rod and went down on the neck at low tide, to wait for her carriage to pass.

He sat on a high rock, and baited his hook for "sheep's-head," which most did congregate about that spot. But before he could throw his line into the sea, the sound of wheels was heard approaching. He looked up, and saw the promontory carriage coming slowly down the gradual descent leading to the neck.

He drew his broad-brimmed straw hat low over his eyes, and his heart almost stood still, as he muttered within himself:

"Will she recognise David Lindsay? I should know her anywhere, or after any length of time."

The carriage was coming. It was wide open, the top had been thrown quite down, both back and front, that the travellers might enjoy the fresh air

and fine scenery of land and water on that delicious October afternoon.

On the coachman's box sat Laban, lazily holding the reins. On the front seat, with his back to the servant, sat Colonel de Crespiigny, with his travelling cap on his knees before him, leaving his fine head, with his waving black hair and beard and his Roman features, bare.

Opposite him, on the back seat, sat a very restless young lady, with the face of an eager, vivacious child—a face with a delicate Grecian profile, a dainty, rose-leaf complexion, sparkling, glad blue eyes, and rippling, golden-hued hair.

She was fitfully springing from side to side, gazing now on the right, now on the left, to catch glimpses of distant objects, once familiar, but long unseen.

"Oh, uncle!" she gladly exclaimed, "I can see the tall trees on this side the deer-old house!"

"Wait until you see the house, my darling," he replied, conscious of the surprise he should give her when he should show her the gray "penitentiary" transfigured to a white palace.

A few more turns of the wheel and he exclaimed:

"Look!"

But the effect was not what he desired and expected. She turned on him a surprised and distressed face, exclaiming:

"Oh, Marcel, what is that? Where is the deer-old house?"

"There it is, my precious child. That is the old home, renovated and adorned, and made worthy to receive its fair young mistress," replied the colonel, with evident self-complacency.

"Oh, Marcel, how could you? How could you do such a thing?" she cried, reproachfully—"how could you treat the deer-old home in that way? It is not familiar; it is not the same at all. I do not know it at all. Oh, I am so disappointed and so sorry."

"My dear, I thought to have given you a pleasant surprise. I thought only of your happiness," replied the poor colonel.

"And I expecting to find the deer-old place just as I left it. Just as I left it. And oh, look there!"

"What now, my dear?"

"Oh, Marcel, what have you done to the old sea-wall and the deer-old fishing-landing, where I and David Lindsay used to play when we were children?"

"My dear, that fishing-landing was a nuisance to sight and smell. See what a pretty pier and boat-house are built on its site," said Colonel de Crespiigny.

"Oh, Marcel! how could you? How could you? You have spoiled everything! You have spoiled everything! You have killed the deer-old place! Instead of a living old being in poor clothes, it is a dead corpse in fine dress and flowers. Oh, I shall never see the deer-old house and the deer-old landing again. If I had known this I would never have come back. I might as well have stayed abroad. Oh, I am so disappointed and so sorry, I could break my heart!" cried the girl, with a piteous look of distress into the face of her guardian; but there she met an expression of so much misery that her tone changed instantly from reproaches to self-condemnation.

"Oh, what a selfish, ungrateful wretch I am, deer-old Marcel! And such an idiotic little fool besides. You did it all to please me, and I ought to be glad and grateful, and so I shall be when I have sense enough to appreciate it all; deer-old Marcel, forgive me," she pleaded, bending forward to lay her cheek against his whiskered face, as she had been used to do in her childhood.

"I am only so grieved, my child, to have given you pain instead of pleasure, but no doubt I am but a blundering brute!" sighed the colonel.

"Oh, no, no; you are the very best and dearest and most unselfish one in the world. I cannot remember the time when I did not love and honour you above all other ones on earth."

"My little Glo', it was all the more reason I should have studied your nature and planned for your happiness more intelligently," sadly replied the colonel.

"Oh, Marcel! Don't say that, or I shall think you have not forgiven me. You have studied my happiness more than I deserved. You have done the very best for me always. In regard to these changes, they certainly do make a great improvement, which I shall be sure to appreciate and enjoy. It was only just at first, when I was looking to see the deer-old place in its old familiar face, that the change struck me as a disappointment, and I am such an idiot for blurring out my very first thoughts and feelings," said Gloria, caressing her uncle.

She was disappointed, poor girl; for to return some time to the old life had been the fond dream of the young, faithful heart in the long years of her

exile and homesickness; and now to return and find all changed, even for the better, was a painful shock.

Colonel de Crespiigny knew it now, and could not forgive himself for not anticipating such an effect.

"Do not look so grave, Marcel, or I shall think you never will forget my folly," she pleaded. "Listen now, and let me tell you something, Marcel. Seeing the deer-old place all freshened up, and decorated and changed into something else, was just as if, when I was looking for you, and expecting to see you as you used to look—why—instead of my deer-old, old, black-bearded, darky of an uncle, I had found a golden-haired, rosy-cheeked, young fairy prince. There. That expresses my feelings in regard to seeing the deer-old home changed into something else."

De Crespiigny smiled; he felt pleased and flattered; he also understood her better and loved her more, as he remembered that she had always cherished a sweet, loyal love for old familiar friends and places.

He suddenly recalled the days when he had first known her as an infant of three years old, when some one had broken the head of her doll, and he himself had brought her a splendid young lady of waxen mould with rosy cheeks and flaxen hair, and dressed in silk attire, how she had hugged her poor old headless dolly to her faithful little heart and refused to part with it in favour of the radiant new one.

And later when she first arrived at the Promontory, bringing a little mongrel dog, who died soon after, and to comfort her he brought home a little white poodle, how sadly she turned away from the new claimant of her notice, murmuring:

"Oh, uncle, I can't love another little dog so soon;" though in a few days afterwards she picked up the little poodle and petted him, muttering, "Poor Charlie, it wasn't your fault that poor little Flora died, was it?" and loved him ever afterwards. About the same time reading the story of "Beauty and the Beast," she had sighed, and said:

"If I had been Beauty I would have loved the deer-old Beast; I would not have wanted to have his head cut off to change him into anything else, not even a fairy prince!"

All these traits of her childhood recurred to the mind of De Crespiigny, as he listened to the little penitent's frank confession.

"I understand, dear heart! I understand perfectly," he said, as he raised her hand and pressed it to his lips.

She smiled radiantly on him, and then turned and looked about her, as if in search of other changes.

Then her eyes fell upon the form of a young man seated on a rock, and apparently engaged in fishing.

She bent forward, gazed more attentively, and suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, Marcel, there is David Lindsay! I know it is David Lindsay! He has grown tall; of course, I expected to find him grown up, but he has the same face and eyes that I should know if I should meet him in Africa. Oh! I thank the Lord he is not changed into anything else! Oh, Marcel! I must speak to David Lindsay. Here, Laban, stop the horses! Stop them right here!"

The coachman touched his hat and drew up opposite the rock on which the young man sat, and within a few feet of it.

She leaned out, and called:

"David Lindsay! David Lindsay! Oh, David Lindsay, please come here!"

He looked up at the sound of her voice, and paled and shook with emotion as he drew in his fishing-line, laid it down beside him, arose, and approached the carriage.

"Oh, David Lindsay, how do you do? I am so overjoyed to see you once more! Why! don't you remember me? your old playmate at the fishing-landing?" she inquired, seeing that he hesitated to take the hand she had offered him.

He took the delicately gloved fingers then, however, and bowed over them.

"Why—don't you remember the old sea-wall, and the old broken boat, and the good time we used to have there, and the little dinners we used to keep? Don't you remember, David Lindsay?" she gladly inquired, with a childlike eagerness, as she smiled upon him.

"Oh, yes, miss, I remember well," he answered, in a low, subdued voice.

"Oh! I think that was the happiest time in my whole life, David Lindsay? Don't you?"

"It was the happiest time in mine, miss," he replied, in the same subdued tone, as he kept his eyes fixed upon the ground, not trusting them to look on her again.

"And how is dear Granny Lindsay? Is she still at the cot on the isle? Is she as busy and active as ever?" inquired Gloria, with new interest in her tone.

"She is as well as she can be at seventy years of age, but more infirm than when you knew her last. She lives at the cot on the isle, and she is as busy, but not as active as ever," he answered, slowly and gravely.

"Oh, what happy, happy days we used to have at her house, David Lindsay! Such happy, happy days! Do you remember them?"

Did he not remember them?

Ah, yes! but with her bright face beaming down upon him, bringing the light of those days so vividly before him, with the memory of their frank, childish affection then, and the consciousness of the gulf that opened between them now, it had grown more and more difficult for him to answer her. Now he seemed tongue-tied.

"Do you think she will let me come and spend a day with her, just as I used to do? Oh, how I should like to do so? It would be so like old times. Would she let me, David Lindsay?"

"Indeed, she would be very happy to do so," replied the young man, partly recovering his voice.

"Well, then, will you ask her if I may come tomorrow? And will you row me over, as you used to do, David Lindsay?"

"I shall be too happy to do so, Miss de la Vera."

"Ah, how glad I shall be to see dear Granny Lindsay, and revive one of those old-time, happy, happy days!" exclaimed Gloria, with great animation.

"My dear," said Colonel de Crespigny, gravely, "the tide is coming in, and we are not more than half-way across. It is not safe to remain here a moment longer. We can scarcely cross before the road will be six feet under water!"

"And David Lindsay has to walk! He will never be able to cross in safety! And it is I who have kept him loitering here! Oh, I am so sorry! But you must not walk, indeed, David Lindsay! Get on here and sit beside me, if you please. Yes, but I insist upon it now!" she added, seeing that he did not comply with her request.

"You had better do so, Lindsay," coldly added Colonel de Crespigny, as he left his own seat and sat down beside Gloria, leaving the front cushion free for the young man.

"I thank you very much, Miss de la Vera, and you also, sir; but I can easily walk the way before the road will be covered," replied young Lindsay, as he bowed and retreated from the carriage.

"A wifely man must have his way," said the colonel.

"Oh Marcel, you did not invite him half cordially enough!" cried Gloria. "And suppose he was to be overtaken by the tide and swept away!"

"No danger. Look there," said the colonel, pointing to the road before the carriage, down which David Lindsay, with his fishing tackle in his hand, was striding at a good rate.

The horses were now started and driven off at a speed. They passed the young man, who raised his hat as they whirled out of sight.

"Marcel, I will never forgive you, if David Lindsay is drowned!" exclaimed Gloria, on the verge of tears.

"No danger, miss!" volunteered old Leban from the box. "There is a plenty o' time, an' he's a famous hand at walking."

"Foot at walking, you mean, old man, don't you?" inquired Colonel de Crespigny.

"I don't see how you can jest, Marcel, when any fellow-creature, not to say David Lindsay, is in peril," exclaimed Gloria, reproachfully.

"Do you, then, suppose, my dear, that I am capable of jesting with the peril of any fellow-creature? Is not my jesting proof enough that there is no peril?" inquired the colonel, deprecatingly.

She did not answer him. She had twisted her head quite round to look back on the figure of the young man, who was striding fast behind the carriage.

And during the remainder of their rapid drive she continued from time to time to look back at the striding figure, until at length they had crossed the long and reached the higher and broader portion of the promontory that was so soon to be turned by the high tide into an island.

Then for the last time she looked, and saw that though the lowest part of the isthmus was covered with the waves, yet as David Lindsay was already ascending the rise towards the promontory, he was out of danger.

It was nearly dark when they reached the house, which was already lighted up for the reception of the travellers.

Miss Agrippina de Crespigny, attended by Sophia and Lamia, stood in the hall to welcome them home.

She took Gloria by the waist, kissed her on both cheeks and said:

"You are looking very well, my dear. How much you have grown!"

Then, when Gloria had returned her caresses and her compliments, saying:

"You are looking finely, aunt. You are not changed at all. I think no one is changed except David Lindsay and myself. I think people must grow up and stay so until they become very old."

But quick Miss Grip had already turned to her nephew to shake hands with him, and left Gloria free to receive the welcome of her coloured friends.

"How you has grown!" My patience alibe, how you has grown, honey!" was the greeting of 'Phia.

"Deed I is mighty proud to see you, Miss Glo', 'deed I is!" was the cordial exclamation of Lamia.

"You had better prove your feelings in a more practical manner by showing your mistress up to her room," said prompt Miss Grip.

"Come on, Miss Glo'," said the unceremonious girl.

"Yes indeed, Lamia, I do wish to lay off my wraps. I have been wearing them so long," responded the young lady, as she followed her maid up the broad staircase to the large south-east room overlooking the sea, which had been hers in her childhood.

"Ain't it just lovely, Miss Glo'?" triumphantly exclaimed the girl, as she threw open the door and displayed the renovated and decorated chamber, blooming like a rose in its pink silk and white lace curtains, its pink velvet and white satin chairs, and its pink and white walls and carpet.

"Isn't it just lovely, now, Miss Glo'?" repeated the pleased maid.

"Oh, dear, yes, I suppose it is; but it isn't like my dear old room at all. Not even the fire-place," she sighed, as she turned to the glowing coals of a polished steel grate that had replaced the blazing hickory logs of the old open chimney that was so familiar to her childhood.

"Why, you don't like it, Miss Glo'?" exclaimed the girl in surprise and disappointment.

"Oh, yes, I do; but it is not like home at all! Nothing is like home, and I feel as if I had come into a strange house, and should never reach home again!" sighed the homesick child, as she laid her hat on the pretty counterpane of white crochets over pink silk.

"And we took such pains to please you?" said the maid, sorrowfully.

"Poor Lamia! Well, I am pleased, only I would like to have seen my old room once more just as it was. Come now and help me to dress. My boxes have arrived, I suppose. They were sent by express to Leonardtown last week."

"Oh, yes, miss, soon as ebbor de letter an' de keys come by mail, us sent daddy wid the wagon to Leonardtown to fetch de boxes home, which dey rove safe an' soun', an' I unpacked dem an' put all de things 'way in the boorers an' ward'oben."

"That was right. Just give me the blue cashmere suit and the lace that is with it."

The girl obeyed, and the young lady soon completed her toilet and went downstairs to join her aunt and uncle in the drawing-room.

Dinner was soon afterward served.

When that was over, the small party returned to the drawing-room, where Colonel de Crespigny wished to show his niece the new grand piano that he had selected for her. Here was also a music-stand supplied with the works of the great masters.

He opened the piano and led her to it.

She seated herself and touched the keys, and found the instrument to be one of very superior tone.

She spent the remainder of the evening in playing and singing the favourite airs and songs of her uncle. Her voice was a pure, clear soprano, and her soul was always in her song. Hence, though she might never have achieved a grand success as a public singer, she was very effective as a parlour performer.

At the close of this musical entertainment the small party separated and retired to bed.

And so ended the day of Gloria's return home.

CHAPTER X.

GLORIA did not carry out her intention of going to Sandy Isle on the next day to see her old friend, Granny Lindsay.

The weather had changed in the night, and a week of steady rain set in.

The small family were confined to the house, and had to find what amusement they could within doors.

Colonel de Crespigny found occupation and entertainment enough in unpacking his books from the boxes in which they had been carefully put away to keep them safe from the workmen who were in the house, engaged in the work of restoration, during his absence with his ward.

Gloria found interesting employment in turning over and inspecting the beautiful wardrobe she had brought over from Paris; and afterwards in rambling through all the rooms of the rejuvenated old house to which she could scarcely become reconciled.

"Oh, it is very fine, I dare say, and it was very good of the colonel, and I ought to admire it very much, but it reminds me of the melancholy wax-work I have seen at public places, all painted up with rouge and pearl powder. The old house was more respectable, and even more beautiful and artistic in its old aspect."

Miss de Crespigny engaged herself in preparations for her departure, for she was going south to spend the winter with her brother and sister-in-law, and had delayed her departure only to receive Colonel de Crespigny and Gloria on their return to Promontory Hall.

By the time that the rainy season came to an end, and the sun of the waning summer shone out again, Colonel de Crespigny's books were all unpacked, catalogued, and restored to their niches in the newly-furnished library; Miss de la Vera's personal effects were inspected and arranged, and Miss de Crespigny's preparations for her departure were complete.

"I have reconstructed your household government, and trained your servants so well in the seven years that I have passed in this house, Marcel, that now I think affairs will run quite smoothly in the present groove with only the nominal mistress of the house that the little countess will make. I think, however, that you should take your niece to London in December and spend the fashionable season there with her, where she may have some opportunity of marriage, suitable to her rank and wealth," said Miss de Crespigny to the colonel, in a *tete-a-tete* she held with him on the day before she was to leave the Promontory.

"Gloria is but sixteen. There is time enough five years hence to think of marrying her off," replied Colonel de Crespigny, winning, for he was less inclined than ever to display his treasure to the world; more disposed than before to keep her all to himself.

Later in the day Miss de Crespigny said to the young lady:

"You must make your uncle take you to London for the season, my dear. It is not right that you should be buried in your youth in this remote and solitary home. You are the Countess de la Vera, and should be brought into society suited to your rank. My sister-in-law, Madam de Crespigny, will be in London this winter. She has no unmarried daughters of her own, and I am sure she would feel honoured to chaperone the Countess Gloria. Make your uncle take you to London this winter, my dear."

"Oh, Aunt Agrippina, I thank you for your kindness in thinking about me so much, and I assure you Marcel would do anything to please me without being made to do it; but really, I do want to stay home and be quiet this winter. Ever since I left school—the first of July—I have been going to places all the time. I am so tired of going to so many places, and seeing so many things. I don't want to go away again for ever so long. I want to stay here and see all my dear old friends, and live the dear old times over again," pleaded Gloria.

"My child, you can never live the old times over again any more than you can go back to your babyhood and live that over again. And as for old friends, Gloria, you have none."

"Oh, yes! there is dear Granny Lindsay and David Lindsay."

"Not the right sort of friends for the Countess de la Vera. But there is all the more reason why you should go to London. I will speak to my nephew again on the subject," said Miss de Crespigny.

And she did speak to the colonel that same afternoon, but without effect.

No doubt if she had stayed longer she might have gained her point.

"For if a man talk a very long time, &c.,

I have quoted that piece of wisdom already. Miss de Crespigny had not a "very long time" to "talk." She was to leave Promontory Hall the next afternoon.

Her last "official" act that night was to call the

three servants into the dining-room and give them a final lecture on their duties to themselves, to each other, and to their master and mistress.

"And let me impress this fact upon you," she said, gravely: "the young lady of this house is a Portuguese West Indian, and a countess by birth and inheritance. You are not to address her, or speak of her, as Miss Glo'. I won't have it! You are to speak of her as the Countess Gloria. Remember that!"

Then, after some other instructive discourse, the old lady distributed some presents among them and dismissed the party.

The next morning Miss de Crespigny left Promontory Hall in the old family travelling carriage, driven by Laban as far as St. Inigoes, where she was to meet the stage-coach.

Her directions to the servants in regard to Miss de la Vera's Portuguese birth and rank were remembered with simple indignation by the two women, 'Phia and Lamia, who did not know a Portuguese from a portmanteau, or a countess from a counterpane.

"Call our Miss Glo' countess, indeed! Shan't do no such thing! 'Deed I flink it would be downright unrespectful to call our young lady countess, as nebber had de trouble ob countin' de chickens, or de ducks, or anything on de place, all her blessed life," exclaimed 'Phia, wrathfully, beating out her excitement on the feather pillows of the bed she was helping her daughter to make up.

"What Miss Agravater mean by it, anyways?" scornfully inquired Lamia.

"Contrariety, nuffin else!" replied 'Phia, giving the pillow a portentous whack with her fist.

And from that time they continued to call the golden-haired girl Miss Glo', and nothing else.

Meanwhile Gloria and her uncle lived together day after day, and week after week, and never seemed to tire of each other, or to desire any other society.

She had none of the cares that might have fallen on her as the young mistress of the house.

'Phia had been trained by Miss "Agravater" into a model manager, and was quite capable of assuming all the responsibility and discharging all the duties of a good housekeeper.

Thus the young lady, while holding all the authority of the mistress, enjoyed all the freedom of a guest.

Every morning after breakfast she brought her little fancy work-basket down into the library, and sat in a low chair by the table where her uncle was reading or writing.

She sat very quietly working, as she used in her childhood to sit playing. She never disturbed him by a word or a movement, being contented only to remain near him.

Yet whatever might be his occupation, of reading or of writing, he was sure to share it with her. It was in this way. If he happened to be engaged with a book, he would read choice selections from his author, and then draw her thoughts forth in praise or censure of the subject, or its treatment. If he were engaged with his pen, he would read to her what he had written, and invite her to suggest any alteration or improvement that might occur to her mind. And he was often amused and sometimes startled by the brightness and originality of her thoughts and criticisms.

Sometimes he would pause in his employment and sit and silently watch her and her pretty work of silk embroidery. At such times, she worked more diligently than at others, keeping her eyes fixed upon her needle, and never daring to raise them to his face.

If you had asked her—why was this? she could not have told you. She did not know herself. She only knew or rather felt, that, at such moments, to meet Marcel's eyes made her own eyes sink to the floor, and her cheeks to burn with confusion, indignation and misery.

She hated herself for this unkind emotion, which she could neither comprehend nor conquer.

"Why," she asked of her heart in vain—"why should I feel so wounded, insulted, and offended at the steady gaze of dear Marcel, who loves me so truly, and whom I love and honour more than any other one in the whole world?"

She could not answer her own question. She only felt that she hated herself for entertaining such feelings, and sometimes even hated her dear Marcel for inspiring them.

From some strange intuition she had ceased to call him "Marcel dear-er," with tender slowness drawing out the word into two syllables, and dwelling with pathetic fondness on the first. She called him "uncle, dear," with respectful brevity and nothing more.

On one occasion, while she was sitting at his feet in the library, engaged with her flower embroidery in coloured silks, and not daring to raise her eyes, because her burning cheeks and shrinking heart assured her that he had ceased reading, and was gazing steadily upon her, he said, with a touching sadness:

"I fear that you are often dull in this lonely house, dear child."

"Oh no, uncle, never dull," she answered, without raising her eyes.

"And never weary of a tiresome bookworm like me?"

"Never, uncle, dear," she answered, kindly, touched by the pathos of his tone, but half afraid of the pity that she felt for him, lest it should lead her into some vague, ill-understood wrong or woe.

"Gloria," he said, in a strangely earnest tone.

"Well, uncle?" she breathed, in fear of—she knew not what.

"Look at me, my darling."

She raised her eyes to his face, but when she met his glance she dropped them immediately.

"Gloria?"

"What is it, uncle, dear?"

"I wish you would not call me 'uncle.' I am not your uncle, child. Do you not know it?"

(To be Continued.)

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE DRAMA.

STANDARD THEATRE.

"THE SHAUGHRAUN," since the litigation between Messrs. Boucicault and Chatterton, in which the former unsuccessfully essayed to prevent its performance without a special permission from himself, seems to have become a favourite in many theatres. At the Standard the "Shaughraun Dramatic Company," after several successful speculations in the provinces, are now playing this intensely Irish drama with a completeness of stage-accessories, and scenery by Mr. R. Douglass, which has not been surpassed at any house. Miss Evelyn Rayne as Moya made the heroine intensely interesting, and was greeted with deserved applause. Mr. Charles Murray played Captain Molineux excellently, and Mr. Chamberlain gave an admirable rendering of Conn; Claire Ffolliott found an adequate representative in Miss Rose Massey, and, on the whole, we have never witnessed a better representation of Boucicault's bustling play. "A Regular Fix" sent a merry audience well satisfied home. A drama, founded on Jules Verne's romance, "The Courier of the East," is announced for the Whit Monday novelty, in which some remarkable scenery, from authentic drawings, picturing the country from Moscow to Siberia, is in preparation.

SURREY THEATRE.

HERE "Tom and Jerry" still retains its hold on the audience, but Mr. Holland has strengthened the attraction by the revival of the three-act comedy-drama, entitled "Alone," written by Messrs. Simpson and Merivale, first played at the Court Theatre in 1873. In the present cast Mr. J. A. Arnold plays the irritable Colonel Challice with remarkable force and ability, and the same compliment may be paid to the Maud Trevor of Miss Travers. Stratton Strawlers was cleverly personated by Mr. Sidney. Mr. Macklin was a capital Dr. Micklethwaite, and Mr. Lillie went through the smaller part of Bertie Cameron satisfactorily. Miss F. Gerrard was lively and agreeable as Mrs. Thornton, and the whole play went in a style that reflects credit on the Surrey Theatre, and the appreciative taste of its audience.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.

HERE we have Offenbach's unclassical burlesque of the classical drama of Orpheus and Eurydice, under its appropriate French title of "Orphee aux Enfers." That the music is lively, sparkling and comic, all the world knows, and that the libretto is elaborately funny is also notorious. The Alhambra management has brought out the well-worn opera splendidly, and as a vehicle for three gorgeous character valets, the Alhambra revival is well worth a visit by the lovers of glittering spectacle, and a liberal display of female charms. In the first act Mdlle. Gilbert and Mdlle. Sismondi are the premieres

in a charming pastoral ballet; in the second act, Mdlle. Pertoldi leads in "the Dance of the Hours and Dreams;" and in the third, Mdlle. Passani illustrates, with a cloud of Coryphees, the "fly ballet," a marvel of grace and glitter. Mr. Loredan (Orpheus), Miss K. Munroe (Eurydice), Harry Paulton (Jupiter), Miss Newton (Diana), Miss Chambers (Cupid), Mr. Woodfield (Pluto), and Mr. Hillier (John Styx), amusingly interpreted the vocal and dramatic action; the libretto is a new and certainly improved version by Mr. Henry S. Leigh. The orchestra under Mr. Jacobi play with a verve and precision that would delight M. Offenbach himself.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.

THE re-opening of the Alexandra Palace after the financial vicissitudes of which the public has heard so much, was an event on which to congratulate the people at large, and the seekers of healthful and intellectual entertainments of the best class. The charming park and the surrounding country is now at its best in the bright vernal clothing of the merry month of May, and the beauties of nature are enhanced by the embellishments of art and design. Inside the spacious Palace, statues, trees, flowers, pictures, stained glass, lent colour and fragrance to the scene, while an admirable band, under the baton of Mr. Weist Hill, with a choir and a corps of accomplished vocalists, discoursed most eloquent music, interspersed with some grand organ recitals by Mr. Frederic Archer, and the inspiring strains of the company's military band, supplemented by those of the Guards and Coldstreams, under the conduct of the Godfrey. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs with a goodly following, signalled the re-opening with their presence. A sumptuous banquet was served to the corporate visitors, and to many distinguished guests, by the new lessees, Messrs. Bertram and Roberts, whose public spirit and liberality were duly recognised. The new season thus happily inaugurated must enlist the best wishes for the permanent success of the metropolitan people's palace. The races on Friday and Saturday too were unparalleled in the excellence of their arrangements, the number of noble and aristocratic stewards, patrons, and subscribers, and the satisfactory carrying out of the programme as set down in "the correct card."

THE next revival at the Adelphi is to be the "Streets of London."

THE Hindoo conjurors and snake charmers, brought from India by Dr. Lynn, had the honour to play last week before the Princess Louise, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Leopold, at an entertainment given at the house of Lord and Lady Alfred Paget.

MISS BATHMAN played "Queen Mary," in Mr. Alfred Tennyson's drama of that name, on the occasion of her benefit at the Lyceum Theatre on Saturday.

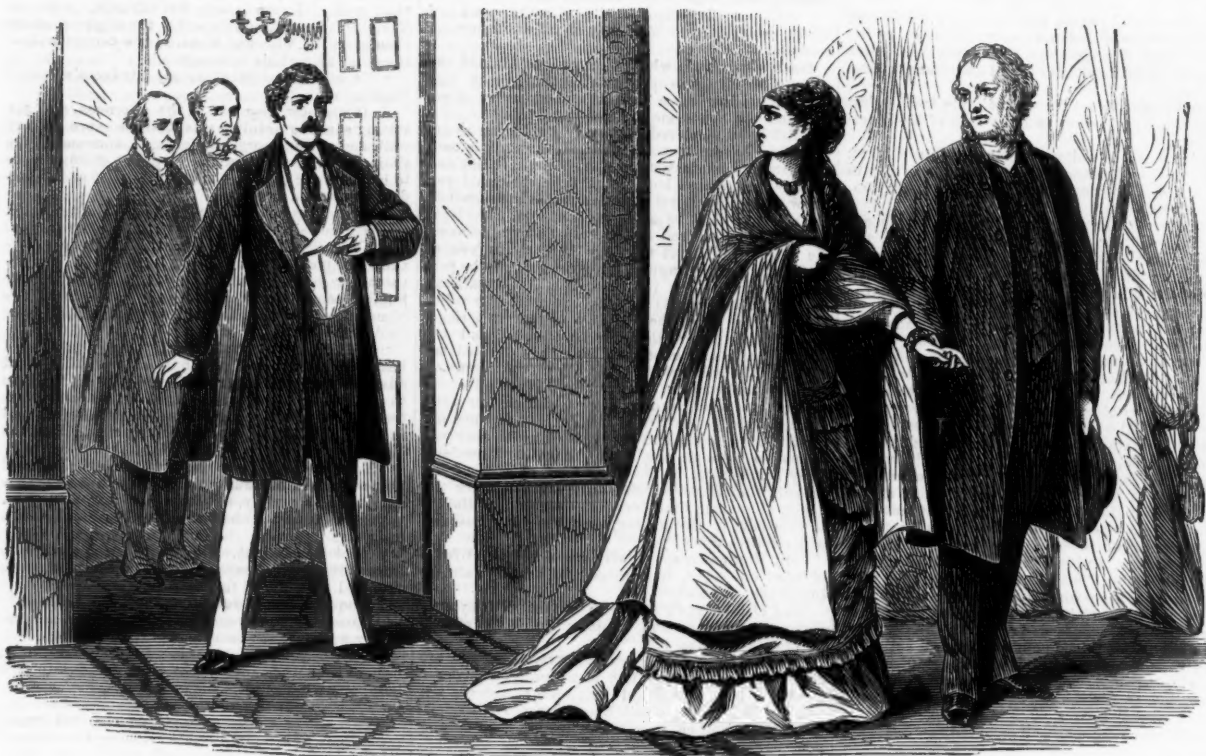
HERE WAGNER has arrived in London from Bayreuth, and is about to conduct some concerts, entirely selected from his own compositions. Tannhauser, Der Fliegende Hollander, Lohengrin, the Nibelungen, Die Walkure, and the Gotterdammerung, are to furnish the distracting bill of fare.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S Choir is giving some delightful entertainments, consisting of English glees, part songs, and madrigals, at St. James's Hall.

THE Duke's Theatre (formerly the Holborn) has again closed, after a brief run of the French piece on the subject of the Tichborne trial.

"TOM AND JERRY" and "Alone," have been withdrawn at the Surrey, for the purpose of three special performances by Mr. William Creswick, for many years the manager and lessee of this popular theatre. They will take place on Saturday the 12th, Monday the 14th, and Tuesday the 15th, being the favourite tragedian's farewell performances prior to his departure for Australia. Hamlet, the Stranger, and Petruccio, each supported by a strong cast, will be the characters sustained, and a hearty recognition of Mr. Creswick's talents as an actor may be anticipated by his numerous friends.

AN expedition to explore the buried cities of Central Asia is being talked of in Bombay and elsewhere in India. Great treasures are known to exist under the shifting sands of some of the deserts, and, if tradition is to be trusted, the tomb of Genghis Khan, with its fabulous wealth, still exists. Reports are constantly brought in by Mongols of gold and silver treasures which the shifting sands disclose, but which they have a superstitious dread of touching.



[THE PARTING.]

THE LADY OF THE ISLE.

CHAPTER V.

THE small, deep-set, quick, black eyes of the little old French-woman scintillated with cunning malignity, as she came forward. The oath was duly administered and she commenced her deposition. First she identified the accused as Estelle, the wife of Victoire L'Orient, and then in polished French but broken English she testified to having witnessed the marriage of her son, Victoire L'Orient, and her pupil, Estelle Morelle, in the church of St. Etienne, at Paris, on the 13th day of November, 18—: and, further, to the fact of the said Victoire and Estelle having lived together as man and wife, for the period of one year, under her roof, at No. 31, Rue St. Genevieve, Paris.

While this witness was giving in her evidence, Lord Dazzleright whispered his client:

"If there is any point in her testimony to which you take exception let me know it."

"The marriage was a private one, and unless I was grossly deceived, she knew nothing of it at the time," murmured Estelle, struggling against the death-like despair that threatened the annihilation of her faculties.

"One moment, if you please," said Lord Dazzleright, as the witness was about to retire from her position, "this alleged marriage is understood to have been a strictly private one—how then did it happen, madam, that you witnessed it?"

"I suspect the children of their intention. I follow, I pursue, I enter the chapel of St. Etienne. I witness the marriage."

No cross-questioning could drive the woman from this point; but on the contrary, only tended to consolidate and confirm her in her loose-jointed evidence.

The next witness called was the little old French priest, who, having been duly sworn, first identified the accused, and then testified to having both witnessed and assisted at the marriage of Estelle Morelle and Victoire L'Orient, which was solemnised on the 13th of November, 18—, by the Abbe Pierre Leroux, in the church of St. Etienne, Paris.

The cross-questioning of this witness elicited nothing to throw discredit upon his testimony.

The certificate was then exhibited. And the fact of the first marriage seemed established. The next proceeding was to prove the identity of Victoire L'Orient, as the living husband, and consequently as the legal obstacle to the second nuptial. This was easily done by the testimony of the mother and the priest. The next and final fact to establish, on the part of the prosecution, was that of the second and so called felonious marriage, that day celebrated at the parish church of Hyde. This was formally proved by the testimony of the same witnesses.

Then Lord Dazzleright, with a smile of encouragement, stooped and spoke aside to his client.

"Reassure yourself, Lady Montessor! This was from first to last a series of conspiracies; I shall easily overthrow them with their own weapons; hoist these engineers with their own petard!"

Then turning to the magistrate, his smile of benevolence changed to one of flashing scorn, as he said:

"We might commence, your worship, by contesting the legality of these proceedings. From the moment of the issuing of the warrant, in itself informal, as not containing the name of the accused, which is not Estelle L'Orient, but Estelle Viscountess Montessor. But we choose to rest our defence, not upon a mere verbal form, but on the deepest and firmest foundations of justice and truth. We shall therefore commence by denying ab initio and in toto the validity of the alleged marriage, said to have taken place in the chapel of St. Etienne, in the city of Paris, showing the same to have been a felonious act, the result of a conspiracy, in which my client was not principal or party, but victim—a crime punishable by the statute laws of France with fine and imprisonment. I shall show that, dating from the edict of the 14th of Henry II., the statute laws of France forbid the marriage of a minor without the knowledge and consent of her parents or guardians, and vacate such marriage, so contracted, as illegal, invalid, and of none effect."

It is not our intention to follow the "learned counsel" minutely through all his argument, in which he displayed much zeal, legal lore, ingenuity and tact, and by which he temporarily effected, in the feeling and sentiments of all his hearers, with the exception of the prosecuting party, a powerful revulsion in favour of the accused.

He exposed without mercy all the intriguing arts by which this designing French governess and her unprincipled son had conspired to inveigle their

pupil, then a mere child, into a clandestine marriage, by which they hoped eventually to enjoy her immense wealth.

He dwelt upon the moral turpitude of that treacherous teacher in having thus betrayed the sacred trust reposed in her by the parents of the child confided to her care. He said that the criminal arts of this intriguing mother and son should avail them nothing, either in shape of profit or vengeance.

And he concluded by concentrating an immense mass of law, testimony and precedence upon the point that this quasi marriage into which they had conspired to entrap their pupil, was, without the knowledge and consent of the parents or guardians of the child- bride, null, void, invalid, and therefore could not form a legal obstacle to the validity of the real and authorised marriage that day solemnised at the parish church at Hyde.

He then required the discharge of his client from custody, and sat down.

Sir George Bannerman acknowledged the conclusion of his argument by a nod, and turned his face towards the witnesses for the prosecution as if to express himself ready to hear any thing they might have to advance against this.

The prosecuting party had no counsel, but in the absence of a better lawyer, Madam L'Orient proved in her own person, despite her sex and her broken English, an "indifferent good," or at least a very shrewd advocate.

And it was the shrill voice of the little, yellow, shrivelled, and bead-eyed old French woman, that replied to the polished Lord Dazzleright.

She prayed Monsieur the Magistrate to remind himself that the statement that Mademoiselle Estelle Morelle had been married to Monsieur Victoire L'Orient, without the knowledge and consent of her parents, was only an assumption which required proof, while on the contrary, the fact that this marriage between Monsieur Victoire and Mademoiselle Estelle had been celebrated with the knowledge and consent, and in the presence of Mademoiselle's guardian, was already proved, was established, was unquestioned; for that she herself, Madam Gabrielle L'Orient, in the capacity of governess and teacher, had borne the relation of guardian to Mademoiselle Morelle.

And as guardian of Mademoiselle, her presence at the marriage of Mademoiselle was all that was needed to make that marriage a legal transaction.

Having given this testimony, the vindictive little

woman—her black eyes scintillating in triumph—sat down.

Lord Dazzleright arose and scornfully disclaimed the protestations of Madam L'Orient, utterly denying that her office of teacher could have invested her for a moment with the rights of legal guardianship over her pupil.

Madam replied that she was not only teacher, but sole custodian, governess and guardian of Mademoiselle for many years.

Here commenced a discussion upon this subject, ended at last by the magistrate, whom it was easy to suspect of a leaning on the side of the prosecution, and who now said:

"This particular point is a matter for the adjudication of their lordships the judges at the assizes. Has the defence anything further to urge?"

"Yes, for though you choose to consider the illegality of the first marriage a questionable matter—nay, though you should decide to hold it a legal and binding transaction, yet we have much to advance, why my client should not be held to answer to the grave charges upon which she stands before your worship. The English law, as also the law of all Christian nations, very righteously constitutes this intention the vital part of the crime; now that my client had not the faintest shadow of intention or purpose to violate the statute by her second, and, as we hold it to be, her only real marriage, is easy of proof. Two years ago there was a published account of the death of this man, upon the commission of the wreck of the *Du D'Anjou*. This account was translated from the "*Courrier de France*" into the "*Times*," a copy of which I have just received from Lord Montessor, and have the honour of laying before your worship," said Lord Dazzleright, drawing the paper from his pocket and placing it upon the table before the magistrate, who took it up and read, while the advocate proceeded:

"My client saw this announcement, and believing herself to be the legal widow of this man, retired from society, and remained in seclusion some eighteen months, at the end of which time only, she accepted the addresses of Lord Montessor, to whom she was this morning espoused, as you have learned."

"But Monsieur the Magistrate! but Monsieur! I pen—I indite—I write much—many letters to Madam Victoire L'Orient! I advise—I inform her of the life of my son, her husband!" here vehemently interrupted the mercurial little Frenchwoman.

"Madam, you are disorderly, and will consult your best interests by being quiet," said the magistrate. Then addressing the counsel for the defence, he said:

"This point also is one for the adjudgment of their lordships."

There was a short pause, at the end of which the magistrate inquired:

"Has the defence anything further to advance?"

"The defence has nothing further to advance here and now," replied Lord Dazzleright, with a peculiar emphasis.

"Then, madam," said the magistrate, addressing Estelle, "I consider this a case for court, and I shall therefore bind you over for trial to answer the charge of bigamy, at the next assizes to be held at the city of Exeter."

The pale and drooping girl, who had remained all this time with her face bowed and hidden upon her hands in the folds of her bridal veil, now raised her eyes in wild affright, looking so much like an amazed and terrified child in the grasp of some horrible power, that the good clergyman, Mr. Oldfield, hastened to her side, and stooped to say:

"It is but a form, my child. No action can be successfully sustained against you. Trust in Him, and take courage."

"Have you bail?" inquired Sir George Bannerman, who had just been giving some private directions to his secretary.

Estelle shook her head—poor girl, she did not fairly understand the purport of the question.

"Lady Montessor has bail, your worship. The Reverend Mr. Oldfield and the Reverend Mr. Trevor stand ready to enter into a recognisance with her, or rather with her husband, Lord Montessor, for her appearance at court," said Lord Dazzleright.

The magistrate turned to direct his secretary to fill out the proper forms, and while that functionary was busily scribbling, Estelle turned to Lord Dazzleright, pleading:

"For the love of the Saviour, my lord! do not, oh! do not continue to drag the spotless name of Montessor through the mire of my misery! I would rather—oh, far rather, that conviction should come with all its train of horrors for me, than that I should be saved, at the expense of one speck upon that stainless name."

Without replying to her prayer, the advocate, turning toward Lord Montessor, said:

"Will your lordship be so good as to come and speak to this lady? You may be able to bring her to reason."

Lord Montessor, who had heard or divined the purport of Estelle's plaintive petition, and who desired nothing more than the opportunity of reassuring her, now came to her side and said:

"Estelle, my beloved, look up! I hold you as my dear and honoured wife, in whose cause it is both my duty and inclination to risk, if needed, life and fortune, and sacred honour. Estelle, beloved! you know that Baron Dazzleright is at this time esteemed the most eminent lawyer in the kingdom. His legal opinion is considered of the very first importance. He holds the secret marriage into which you, as an infant, were entrapped, ten years since, to be perfectly void; and, on the other hand, the marriage solemnised between us this day, to be perfectly valid. His opinion upon the validity of our marriage, supported by the authorities he adduces, and the developments of the last two hours, has decided my course. I stand upon the legality of the ceremony this day performed in the church of Hyde; I claim the rights of a husband to protect and shelter you; and here pledge my life if needful, my fortune, my unblemished name and sacred honour to bear you blameless through the severe ordeal. Therefore, Lady Montessor, do not again seek to cast off the support that is most righteously your own, nor the honourable name that does not deserve repudiation at your hands. Remember, that it is your husband who requires this of you!"

Lord Montessor spoke with an air of beautifully blended deference, tenderness, and dignity, almost impossible to resist.

Lord Dazzleright's fine face beamed with sympathetic admiration—and clasping the hand of the noble speaker, he said:

"Heaven bless you, Lord Montessor, for you are very right! and if there is a man—peer, or prince—in the empire who could take, unquestioned, the position that you now take and discharge with delicacy and discretion, its difficult duties, that man is your lordship. Heaven bless you!"

But all this while Estelle, with her clasped hands hanging down, her head drooped upon her breast, and her eyes lowered to the ground, remained in mournful silence. Nor did she once change her position, or look up, or speak, until the magistrate called the two sureties to sign the recognisance that was now ready. The two clergymen advanced to the table. Lord Dazzleright also followed, and she was left standing alone, or guarded, as it were, by Lord Montessor.

"Has my Stella no word or glance for me?" he inquired.

"Oh! my lord—my lord—do you not know then that poor Estelle's soul is at your feet, in acknowledgment of your matchless constancy! But, Lord Montessor, it must not be as you have said. I may not lean upon your noble strength, nor bear your honoured name, and will not, my lord—will not," said Estelle, with mournful dignity.

"Does my dearest Stella, my gentle bride,—with all her graces,—lack the lovely grace of submission?"

"Poor Estelle, your servant, my lord, possesses with all her faults and weaknesses, the capacity and strength to suffer alone, alone! rather than drag one whom she honours down to share her degradation."

"Your signature is wanted to this document, madam," said Sir George Bannerman, addressing the prisoner.

"Remain here, dear Estelle. I shall sign that instrument in your behalf," said Lord Montessor, leaving her side and advancing to the table.

"Lord Montessor will enter into a recognisance with Messieurs Oldfield and Trevor, on the part of his wife," said Baron Dazzleright.

"It will not do. The prisoner must sign for herself," said the magistrate.

"Be it so, then, Estelle—Lady Montessor—if you have any regard for me, sign only the name that I have this day bestowed upon you," whispered Lord Montessor, as he led her forward to the table.

"Lady Montessor, I add my voice to his lordship's, and do beseech you, for the sake of all who love you, to comply," said the Baron.

Estelle turned upon Lord Montessor a smile, full of holy self-renunciation, took the pen, and with a firm hand signed the paper.

Lord Montessor, Lord Dazzleright, and the two clergymen bent eagerly forward to read the signature. It was—Estelle L'Orient.

"Oh, child, child! Why have you written thus?" questioned Lord Montessor, with a look of distress.

"This girl will ruin her own cause," said Lord Dazzleright, in a tone of vexation.

"Yes, my lords, she will ruin her own case rather than insure it at the expense of the noble and the good. I am poor, lost Estelle, wife of Victoire L'Orient, and have not the slightest claim even upon the Viscount Montessor's countenance—to say nothing of his noble name."

"We will see about that, my fair fanatic," said the Baron.

As it was now very late in the afternoon, and the setting sun was shining against the sombre library wall, and as Sir George Bannerman announced the sitting at end, and betrayed symptoms of impatience to be gone, the parties—both prosecutors and defendants, prepared to retire.

"You will go with me to Bloomingdale, my child, and remain as long as your friends can spare you. Mrs. Oldfield will be very—ahem!—will do everything she possibly can to prove her affection and respect for you, and to make your sojourn in our humble home as comfortable and agreeable as circumstances will admit, my dear," said old Mr. Oldfield to his protégé.

"We thank you very sincerely for your offered hospitality, reverend sir; but since taking legal advice my plans are again changed—we shall adhere to the first arrangements, which was, that Lady Montessor and myself should go down to Dorset and spend a month at our castle of Montessor," said the Viscount, with calm emphasis.

"Your lordship doubtless best knows the just and proper grounds of your action," said the venerable man, bowing gravely, but looking withal, so uneasy, that Lord Montessor beckoned the baron to his side, and said:

"Lord Dazzleright, will you be good enough to inform these gentlemen whom you consider to be the legal protector of this lady?"

"Unquestionably, reverend sir, I hold the only legal promoter and proper custodian of this lady to be her husband, the Lord Viscount Montessor."

"But," said the old clergyman, hesitatingly, "there is another who claims that relation to this lady, and whose claims the magistrate, however unjustly, certainly favours."

"And whose claims to anything else but transportation will certainly be set aside by the courts," said the baron.

"But in the meantime, for the lady's own sake, had she not better remain with me, or some other friend, until the decision of the courts has confirmed her position?" pleaded Mr. Oldfield.

"Decidedly not, sir; it would argue a doubt of her position—a position upon the assuredness and stability of which I am willing to stake my reputation. As the legal adviser of Lady Montessor, I certainly counsel her ladyship to place herself under the powerful protection of her husband, and accompany him to Montessor Castle, to pass the time until the meeting of the Judges."

"Come, my love, you hear what the baron says. It is getting late. Take leave of your friends, and permit me to hand you into the carriage which waits and drive to your father's house, where we will pass the night, and whence to-morrow morning we will set out for Dorset," said Lord Montessor, who was very anxious to remove his bride from the scene.

"My father! Ah, Lord Montessor, do you deem that in all respects Sir Parke Morelle resembles you?" My father will never look upon my face again, were that look needed to save my soul alive. Nay, best and most honoured my lord, I dare not cross my father's threshold, and I will not cross my lord's. If ever a Lady Montessor sets a foot within Montessor Castle, she will not first have borne the branded name of Estelle L'Orient. Farewell, my lord. I repeat now, what I said before, whatever may finally become of poor Estelle, may He for ever bless and love you, Lord Montessor," she said, bowing her forehead for a moment upon his hand that she had clasped between her own, and then releasing it, and turning away, she addressed the old minister, saying gently:

"I am at your disposal, Mr. Oldfield, if indeed, you still offer the shelter of your roof to one so lost as I am."

"Gladly, my child, will I receive you; and let me tell you, Lady Montessor—"

"Ah, you also, Mr. Oldfield; you will not spare my lord's name," interrupted Estelle.

"I very much suspect that it is your legal name, Lady Montessor. I have the greatest confidence in the opinions of Lord Dazzleright upon all legal questions. Thus I think his opinion upon the validity of your marriage is likely to be quite right, while his advice to you (founded upon that opinion), that you should accompany Lord Montessor to his castle in Dorset, there to abide the action of the court, I consider to be erroneous. Your own instincts, by the grace of Him, have been a better guide. It is fitting that you should remain with Mrs. Oldfield, unless your parents claim you from us," whispered

the venerable man, drawing the arm of his protégé within his own, and preparing to leave the room.

But Lord Montessor, who had remained a few minutes in mournful silence, now spoke:

"Estelle, Lady Montessor, my wife, I have not said 'farewell,' and I disclaim your right thus to withdraw yourself from my lawful protection."

"Lord Montessor, your poor servant, Estelle, who would lay down her life to serve your lordship, will not even at your command, take one step to compromise or injure you! Once more, farewell, my lord. And our Lord for ever love and bless you;" and with gentle firmness, Estelle lowered her veil and turned away.

Still Lord Montessor would have detained and expostulated with her, had not the Bishop of Exeter here come up and reasoned with his lordship.

"Lady Montessor does well. I have no doubt that Lord Dazzle-right is legally correct, but he is morally wrong. I have no doubt that the marriage this day solemnised at Hyde is perfectly valid and indissoluble; but inasmuch as its validity is contested and remains to be confirmed by the action of the court, I declare it my opinion as a Christian minister that Lady Montessor is religiously correct in withdrawing herself from the society of your lordship until such time as the court has adjudged her position; and that any other course would expose her ladyship to much censure."

"I see, now, that you are entirely right, my Lord Bishop. Our wishes often blind us to what is expedient as well as to what is right. Although, indeed, I wished chiefly to consult her ladyship's comfort and interests. I thank you, sir, that you have placed this subject in its proper light before me," said Lord Montessor, frankly. Then going up to the bride, he said:

"Estelle, love, you go now with my full consent and approbation. Mr. Oldfield, it is I, her husband, who commits Lady Montessor to your care," he concluded, laying a marked emphasis upon the title with which he wished to invest her.

"Your lordship does well. And Lady Montessor shall receive the best possible care and attention while she sojourns under our humble roof," replied the aged clergyman. And, bowing to the group, he led his charge from the library, through the long passage, down the broad stairs, across the wide hall to the entrance door, and thence down the steps to the carriage in which he placed her.

Meanwhile, Madam L'Orient, Victoire, and the little fat Abbe, chattering like a trio of mammoth magpies, had got into their chaise and driven off.

Lord Montessor, Lord Dazzle-right and the Bishop of Exeter, now came down the steps, entered the carriage of the viscount, and took the road to Hyde.

Mr. Trevor came out, and joined Mr. Oldfield and Lady Montessor, and their carriage was ordered to drive to Bloomingdale.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WORLD.

THE news of the arrest of a bride at the altar, upon one of the gravest charges, and that bride, the beautiful and gifted Estelle Morelle, the star of fashion, the patroness of art and literature, the only daughter and heiress of the oldest and wealthiest baronet in the West of England, and the wife of one of the most distinguished among the young rising members of the House of Peers—fell like a thunderbolt upon the world, and spread like a conflagration through society.

The story was everywhere received with incredulous amazement. The very enormity of the offence charged upon one so high and pure, stupefied belief.

Even the reporters and "item" hunters of the press, feared, for a time, to deal directly with the question; and compromised the matter by obscure hints, initials, instead of proper names.

The most daring "sensationalists" among the country editors were held in check, not only by the judicious limitation of the license of the press which exists in England, but also by deep respect for, and perhaps awe of the principals concerned.

For the characters and influence of Sir Parke Morelle and of the Viscount Montessor were not only paramount in their respective counties of Devon and Dorset, but superior throughout the West of England. The affair was canvassed with never flagging interest by people of every rank in society.

Upon the evening of the arrest, the large kitchen of the "Morelle Arms," the Inn at Hyde, where small farmers, artisans and labourers most did "congregate," was the scene of a considerable excitement upon the subject.

Along on benches placed each side a strong oaken table, sat perhaps a dozen rough-looking country-

men, clad in frieze coats or in amook frocks, and having clay-pipes between their lips, and pewter pots of foaming "arf-n-arf" before them.

In an arm-chair at the head of the table, sat John Oates the baker, like a self-installed moderator of the feast, while at the foot, on an oaken stool, was perched Peter Barktree, under game-keeper from Horsford.

The fat little landlady was ever bustling in and out, between the kitchen and the adjoining bar, pausing now and then to catch a word of fresh news upon the all-engrossing subject which they were discussing with so much zest.

"Wot's been done with un?" inquired Bob Sonnds, the well-digger, of his next neighbour, Peter Barktree, who having come in from Horsford, might be expected to know something satisfactory.

"Ay mon, wot's been done with un?" echoed all the others.

"Oie dunnoa. How should Oie know, only wot Bill Moines sayt? Bill Moines as works on the Yew-tree farram at Horsford telled Oie how she was zent off to the county jail. But Oie dunnoa, how should Oie know?" replied this specimen of either stupefaction or caution—it was hard to tell which.

"Humph! how should Bill Moines know, as he did wurruk on the Horsford farram?" queried a doubter.

"Oie dunnoa. He wur up to the great house and saw the carriages drive off neebie; but I dunnoa! how should Oie know?"

"Bill Moines loied, and Peter Barktree nows nowt on it. John Howe, the constable, tooled me as his worship had sent un off with his reverence Muster Oldfield to stay till the trial," said the baker from the head of the table, and having taken the pipe quite out of his mouth to deliver this judgment, he now to save time immediately replaced it and smoked the faster.

"Wot time will the trial be!—Quarard Zezions!"

"Noo, mon, (puff,) it's a piece of wurruk for his ludship, (puff, puff,) and wull come before the Zizes, (puff, puff, puff,) and they will be open next week," replied the competent baker and dictator, smoking vigorously between his oracular words.

"And wot will they do with zhe?"

"Saying it goo agin un, zend un to the tre'd'll." "Noo they wull not, nuther. It's boogmy wot they zent Tom Sawyers across the water for. And they wull zend un to Bootany Bay colonies," said an artisan who had not before spoken.

"Ay, but they wull never do the loike of that to zhe, Tom."

"And why shouldn't they do it to zhe as well as to another, Bill Stiggins, if zhe be high quality? Boogmy's boogmy the wurruk over; and wot's boogmy fur poor folk is boogmy for quality folk; and noa summat else with a foiner name; and wot's Boot'ny Bay for poor folk, should be Boot'ny Bay for quality folk, and noa some foiner place loike Lunnun town," persisted this determined radical.

"Oy, oy, Tom! zo we say. Wot's law for the poor should be law for the quality. A health to Tom Stallins! Here, Mother Higgins, more ale! Wot's Boot'ny Bay for poor Tom Sawyers, should be Boot'ny Bay for—"

"Hold your blaspheming tongues of ye! Botany Bay, indeed! They'd never send the likes of her ladyship to prison for one minute, no matter what she was left to her own devices to do, let alone Botany Bay. Is her blessed ladyship, Tom Sawyers, ye brutes? Shame on ye! And she the sweetest angel as ever went without wings. Shame on ye! And she educating all yer children, and clothing all yer old mothers, and lifting half the burden of life from your good-for-naught shoulders ever since she came home these ten years back—shame on ye! I say again, ye great, stupid, unfeeling brute beasts! to take her sweet name on yer lips!" exclaimed the little landlady, unable longer to repress her indignation at hearing her "angel's" calamity thus freely discussed, and therefore quite ready to sacrifice her interests to her feelings, and offend every guest in her kitchen.

"Coom, coom, Mother Higgins, decant thee get high with us. Give us some more ale," replied the baker, holding his pewter pot up for replenishment.

"Well, then, keep a civil tongue in yer heads, and know who ye'd be talking about, ye stupid loons, ye! That French frog-enter as the Evil One has set on to pretend to her dear ladyship, has no more right to lift his eye to her than did Bony has to the crown of England." Speaking of "Bony" probably suggested battle, for the honest woman went on to say, "And more betoken, they do tell me how the Frenchman stole her from a boarding-school while she was a child; and if so be he should get her now, it would cause a war wot France."

"Quit, dame, wot do thee know about politics and war? and why should'st thy majesty go to war

about two young uns as decant know their own minds? Speak wot thee knows on, dame," said Tom Stallins.

"Oy, but the dame be right! Master Stiggins, his ladyship's own mon, says how his ludship, Lud Montessor, do stick to it as the Frenchman had noo right to come here giving trouble; and his ludship wull stand by the lady, een noo that her oon fayther and moother hev cast un off, and more zham for um," said Mr. Stiggins.

"Ay will he, I'll warrant ye! And a right noble gentleman he is," exclaimed the landlady.

"Zo he is! zo he is! and here's to Lud Montessor!" agreed the baker, tossing off the foaming bumper just placed in his hand by the dame. And similar discussions to this were taking place in every ale-house, tap-room, and tavern-kitchen in the three counties, as far as the news had flown.

(To be Continued.)

SCIENCE.

COLVERD'S PATENT CARRIAGE POLE HEAD.—An invention is announced, called Colverd's Patent Carriage Pole Head. Its utility is threefold. It gives the driver more certain control of his horses, secures them in a considerable degree from falling, and in case one of them does fall the animal can be immediately released, averting the kicking and plunging which so often occasion injury to the horse which remains upright, and damage to the vehicle, occasioning, it may be, serious loss to the proprietor. The patented article may be described as in construction one of simple complexity. Any apparent complications are the result of carrying out a very simple principle in an effectual manner. This pole head is of metal—probably brass is preferable to any other metal, single or mixed—and it is fixed on the end of the carriage pole, and completely under the control of the driver by medium of the reins. A model of a carriage and harness, with the new patent pole head affixed, showing very beautifully its working, stands in the office of the patentee's agent, Mr. F. H. Vandyke, of 1, St. Swinburn's Lane, where it may be seen any day. It is well worthy of a visit from the curious in patents and inventions, from philanthropists and lovers of animals, and most especially from those who have property in carriages and draught horses.

AN IMPORTANT INDUSTRY THREATENED.—According to a Newcastle paper, the craft of railway spring-makers is threatened with a very serious competition. A new circular spring has been invented; it is made entirely by machinery, and is said to be free from many defects of the present hand-made springs. The new springs are made of solid round bars of steel, highly polished, cut and bent into elliptical forms, and bound together in sets, to form springs. Four or five bars form the top and bottom of each spring; and it is intended, as a further improvement, to have a spiral spring, also machine made, to be placed at the centre between the top and bottom set of springs. This would act as a duplicate; in case of accident it would support the entire weight of the carriage.

ELECTROLYSIS.—Electrolysis may, under certain conditions, take place with development of hydrogen at both poles. When magnesium is brought into contact with water, weakly acidulated with sulphuric acid, it is dissolved, and hydrogen given off. If the acid be so diluted that there is only a very small development of gas, and a platinum wire, also dipping in the liquid, be connected with the magnesium, the production of gas (according to M. Eisassier) is at once increased, and it occurs at the platinum also. The magnesium gets coated with a thin dark layer, which disappears when contact is broken. If the two wires, instead of being connected together directly, be connected with a galvanic battery, the magnesium forming the anode, the same phenomena occur, and the development of gas increases with the current strength. Whether the battery is used or not, only half as much gas is developed at the anode as at the cathode. Endiometric analysis shows that the gas developed is pure hydrogen. Experiments were made with zinc in place of the magnesium, but the zinc merely dissolved without development of gas. With aluminium there was a slight development.

TUNGSTATE OF SODA.—"Nature" says:—Tungstate of soda has been much talked about lately as valuable, when mixed with ordinary starch, for rendering muslin dresses unflammable. Professor Gladstone and Dr. Alder Wright have both brought it before audiences at the Royal Institution, Br.

Wright showing its efficacy by having a muslin dress so prepared for one of his assistants to wear, in which he walked about over flames. In repeating the demonstration in the course of a lecture at South Kensington, recently, it was fortunate that Dr. Wright had the dress placed on a dummy instead of being worn by an assistant, for no sooner was a light applied to it than it blazed up and was consumed. Why this happened could not be explained, as it is believed no mistake had been made in the preparation. No doubt the exact conditions under which the tungstate is reliable will be a subject for further investigation.

SIEGE OPERATIONS.—It is intended to have some siege operations on a very extensive scale at Chatham during the ensuing summer, and the whole force of the officers and men of the Royal Engineers at the School of Military Engineering is now engaged in the construction of the earthworks. The operations will not be confined to the ground where they have hitherto taken place, but will extend to both sides of the River Medway. Besides the troops in garrison, the engineer volunteer corps from London and elsewhere will take part in the operations.

TORPEDOES.—It appears that we have four varieties of torpedoes at present in use in the navy. Hervey's torpedo is towed against an enemy by a rope from the yard arm of the attacking ship. The ground torpedo is sunk at the entrance of harbours, and fired by electricity, either from the shore or by a self-acting apparatus set in action when touched by a vessel. The spar torpedo is employed for boat service, and is of the same pattern as that so successfully tried recently by the French naval authorities. But the most deadly weapon of all is the Whitehead or fish-torpedo. This is a cigar-shaped cylinder, fourteen feet long and sixteen inches in diameter, containing a bursting charge of 360lb. of gun-cotton. It is arranged so as to travel at any depth under the water-line that may be wished, and is propelled by a screw worked by compressed air. The head of the machine contains the detonator which explodes the charge, and it can be set so as to explode on striking an object, or at any distance under one thousand yards; if it misses its mark, it can be so arranged as to flat, on half-cock, so as to be recovered. It will travel for one thousand yards at the rate of twenty knots an hour, so that at night a vessel might easily be blown up without being aware of the presence of an enemy. In fact, as Lord Charles Beresford recently informed the House, "it can do anything but speak." But perhaps, in this instance, speech is silver and silence is gold.

RICHARD PEMBERTON;

—ON—

THE SELF-MADE JUDGE.

CHAPTER XLV.

In the morning Mrs. Pemberton and her beautiful daughter sat together in the chamber that had been assigned to the maiden. It was on the second floor of the south wing of the mansion. It was a lofty, spacious room, with four high windows—two east and two west—where all day long the sunshine entered. These windows were heavily curtained with blue damask, lined with white sarcenet, looped back with cord and tassels, showing inner curtains of rich lace.

The hangings of the bedstead, and the coverings of two lounging chairs and a sofa were of the same material and colour. The elegant toilette that stood between the east windows was draped with lace lined with blue silk. And the style of the carpet on the floor was a light running vine of violets over a white ground.

The dressing bureau, wardrobe, washstand, little table, &c., were of white satin wood, highly polished. A few choice-looking pictures adorned the walls, and pretty, quaint looking vases, &c., stood upon the mantelpiece. A glowing coal fire in the polished steel grate completed the comfort of the room. The low, luxurious sofa was drawn up to the fire, and Mrs. Pemberton sat in it with her daughter at her side, with her arm round her waist, never tired of caressing her, never weary of contemplating her, ever seeking a deeper and more real consciousness of the joy of possessing her. Passing her fingers through the soft, glittering ringlets, the lady murmured:

"Strange. I never thought you were my lost

child, yet ever felt it. When I first saw those sweet, wistful, blue eyes fixed on mine, I felt something in their look was familiar—something that was intimate—that was my own—that was of myself. Your eyes had the very same expression that they had often worn when you were an infant on my bosom; when waking up from your infant slumbers, you would look out upon life with new wonder and then up to me with a questioning, loving, trusting look, as if asking what it was. And so, when our eyes met that day in the Sunday school, I felt that they were the same eyes that used to look out from a baby's face, which years before had lain upon my bosom—the same eyes gazing up into mine with the same earnest, wistful, wondering, questioning gaze. Now, tell me, love, can you recall your feelings at that moment? Can you tell me why you looked at me with such a searching, fond look?"

"Yes—yes, lady—yes, dear mamma, I know," said the maiden, gravely, almost solemnly.

"Why was it, then?" asked the lady, bending over to her to press a kiss upon her forehead.

"Sweet mother, was it because I half recognised you?"

"Half recognised me?"

"Yes, dearest mamma."

"How is that? What does my sweet one mean?"

"Our life is twofold. 'Sleep hath its own world,' says Falconer's favourite poet. And in the world of sleep, mamma, you were never absent from me. I suppose I must have continued to dream of you from the day I was taken from you, for as far back as I can remember, I have been used to your image in my dreams. It was such an habitual thing that I never wondered at it or talked of it, yet I seemed to know that the angel of my sleep was my mother too, only I thought it was my mother who was buried at sea. When I first saw your portrait in the hall and recognised its likeness to my dream mother, oh, what a thrill it gave me. Then when I saw you in the Sunday school you looked at me, took my hand, and spoke to me so sweetly—oh, I cannot tell you, but if you could only have read my heart. First I loved you for your likeness to my dream mother, and then I loved you for yourself."

"So it was with me, my love. First I loved you for looking at me with little Maud's eyes. Now I love you for your sweet self! Now all the past seems bridged over, and I seem never to have lost you really. Now, love, I trust you will be happy. Come, now, your father has got through with his newspapers, and I hear him walking up and down the hall. Let us go to him."

Again embracing her new-found treasure, the lady rose, and, followed by the maiden, led the way downstairs. Richard Pemberton was pacing up and down the long central hall, a usual relaxation with him after sitting long over his papers.

He turned with a smile to meet them and playfully offered an arm to each, "for an indoor promenade," he said.

They had not many turns before there was a ring at the front door bell, and the servant who answered it, returned and brought a letter in his hand which was for the young lady.

Richard Pemberton took it with the design of passing it immediately to his daughter, but in doing so, his eyes fell upon the strange superscription, "To Mrs. Falconer O'Donovan."

His brow reddened with a look of surprise, displeasure and annoyance, and returning it to the servant, said:

"There is no one here who bears the name upon this letter. There is probably a mistake; take it back to the person who brought it."

And without even condescending to inquire who "that person who brought it" might be, Richard Pemberton turned upon his heel and continued his walk.

The servant bowed and left the hall. Mr. Pemberton had scarcely taken a second turn before the servant re-entered with the letter, saying:

"If you please, sir, the messenger who brought this letter is young Len, Mr. Falconer O'Donovan's man, and he says there is no mistake, and that it was sent to my young mistress."

"Falconer," said Maud, impulsively, dropping her father's arm, and going and taking the letter from the servant.

"Give me that letter, my dear," said Richard Pemberton, reaching forward his hand to take it from her.

"Oh, sir—my father. It is from Falconer," said Maud, detaining it with a pleading look.

"Have you glanced at the superscription of that letter, my dear?"

"No, sir."

"Read it, then, and tell me if you answer to such a name."

Maud turned the letter up and read "Mrs. Falconer O'Donovan," and her fair face flushed almost purple, and then paled, and she looked from the letter to her father and her mother in amazement.

"There, you perceive, my dear, what sort of a right this misguided young man wishes to establish to you. Now, give me the letter that I may return it. Come, my dear, why do you hesitate?"

But Maud still detained the letter, and looked in doubt and anxiety from her father to her mother. Richard Pemberton had patience with her, and gave her time. At last she said:

"Father, I know that you are a just man, and will tell me what is right. I am very ignorant, father, and I wish to know whether this really is my true name that is written on this letter; because, if it is I must keep it."

"Your name, my dear? Why, assuredly not. What do you mean by such a question? Answer me."

"I meant, father, to ask whether that ceremony which was almost over, had not made me Falconer's wife?"

"No—not if it had been quite over. Assuredly not. You are under age, Miss Pemberton. You belong to your father and mother. Only they can give you in marriage."

Maud for all answer silently handed her father the letter. Richard Pemberton, after a few moments' reflection, seemed to have conquered his first emotion of haughty indignation. He sent his servant to tell little Len to wait for an answer.

Then leaving the mother and daughter together, he went to his study, taking the letter with him. Here he sat down and wrote to Falconer O'Donovan, intending to enclose Falconer's letter in his own. Richard Pemberton seated himself in his leather chair, drew his writing table before him, and sat reflecting what he should do in this case.

Most fathers in Mr. Pemberton's circumstances would have felt themselves constrained to break off all friendly intercourse with the wild, unpromising young radical agitator, and to destroy at once, and for ever, every shadow of a hope of his future union with his daughter and heiress.

Most fathers would have punished the boy's insolence by sending back his letter enclosed in a scornful reply, or with a more scornful silence. Most fathers would have hurried their young daughter away, brought every family influence of affection and filial duty to bear upon her heart, and every allurement of travel, change of scene, society, splendour and luxury, to charm her fancy, and win her from the memory of her childish love.

And as far as the daughter's welfare alone was interested, this might have been very well, and it would have promised not unfairly for eventual success, for it was evident to Richard Pemberton as to all others who saw it, that the affection of Maud for Falconer was only the tender, guileless, outspoken love of an only sister for an only brother. Yes, this plan would have done very well for Maud, only it would have destroyed Falconer. Most fathers would have followed it, but Richard Pemberton was not like most men.

For one reason he had more moral power than other men, and he did not feel obliged to crush a poor boy whom he might redeem, or with egotistical indifference to turn and abandon him to his own destruction, when he could form, guide, and elevate him to fame and fortune.

Falconer O'Donovan was a wild, impetuous, ungovernable young radical—a political ignis-fatua, likely to lead men into bogs and quicksands, where he would also quench himself.

All this was true. But instead of hurling this fiery young spirit down hills as to a native element, Richard Pemberton would snatch it "as a brand from burning" would place it on a hill where it should be a light to the world—"a burning and shining light." That were a glorious thing to do—and Richard Pemberton was the man to do it.

There is no great deed ever done that is not founded on a self-conquest, self-sacrifice—some darling selfish interest must be laid upon the altar to purchase the power of doing it. And the greater the power needed the greater the propitiatory sacrifice. Under those conditions Richard Pemberton had the power to redeem this soul alive.

The offering required from him was a great one. Do you think it was a small affair for a man of his exalted rank—a man familiar with the adulations of the world, accustomed to all the splendour and refinements of courts and capital cities, and having one beautiful daughter his sole heiress—to withhold her from the splendid destiny that might await her in the great world of society, and keep her as the prize held forth to encourage and reward the upward struggles of a young man without family, fortune,

friends or distinction, except such as would be considered a credit for him to lose?

But this Mr. Pemberton resolved to do. And having thus determined he felt himself the arbiter of the youth's destiny, the architect of his future fame and fortune.

He laid the paper out before him, took a pen, and wrote to Falconer. No words of ours could do justice to the spirit of this letter. He began, however, by correcting the boy's mistake as to the claim he made upon Miss Pemberton. The marriage, he said, even supposing it had been completed, must still have been illegal without her father's consent; Miss Pemberton being under age.

"Consult, he wrote, every lawyer you please—from a mere country pettifogger to a chief justice—and they will all the most shallow and the most profound, assure you that you have no legal claim upon Maud. Consult any divine, and he will convince you that you have no moral or religious claim upon her. Then ask your own conscience what the others have decided. Maud is at present perfectly free. And now having cleared away your false foundation, let us build you a better hope upon a surer ground."

And then he proceeded to unfold all his great and good wishes and intentions for the boy. He said to him what he had said to Maud, that he pronounced no irrevocable sentence of separation between them—that on the contrary he held her up to him as an incentive to high achievement—a prize to be won—a crowning glory to a high career, and said that if the boy's love were anything better than a mere selfish and exacting passion—if it were a high and holy principle—he would surely strive for her and win her.

"And I do not mean by this to say," wrote Richard Pemberton, "that you are bound to achieve a great social success, a world-wide renown—by no means—but become worthy of my child, and whether the world endorses your worth or not you shall have her. It is not your worldly position that I find fault with. I myself am a man of the people, and I should say to a prince, though he were heir to a throne, and came courting my child, what I say to you. Prove yourself worthy of my Maud before you ask me to give her to you. And now you will bear with the freedom of my words for two reasons. First that I am the father of the maiden you love, and your father also in years and in knowledge of life. Secondly, because I am really and disinterestedly seeking your good as that of my own son."

Lastly he wrote that in returning the letter, he acted in no spirit of resentment, but from mature deliberation, and under the strong conviction that in writing and subscribing such a letter the boy had been influenced by passion under a total misconception of his true position towards the maiden. He concluded by saying that he should be pleased to see him at the Hall.

Richard Pemberton placed his own epistle together with Falconer's in an envelope, sealed and superscribed it, and rang for a messenger, in whose hands he placed it to be given to Mr. O'Donovan's servant.

In the meantime Mrs. Pemberton had re-conducted her daughter back to the cheerful, lightsome chamber, where they had commenced the morning. When they were seated again on the low, luxurious sofa before the fire, Maud dropped her head upon her mother's shoulder and burst into tears—her heart had been slowly filling for some time, and now it overflowed into a shower of tears.

"Now, I wonder why my darling weeps. Is it because she would leave her mother so soon for that young man?" asked Mrs. Pemberton, passing her arm around her neck.

"No, mother,—no, sweet mother, I could not leave you for the universe! No—not that, but oh! I do feel for Falconer? And so would you, too, if you knew him—if you knew how he needs me—if you felt how bereaved and desolate he is without me. Mother, you know I have been with him all my life. I have been his helper and comforter ever since we were children. And oh! if you did but know how much he needs help and comfort—if you did but know how unhappy he is!"

"And would my Maud marry him? Now tell me truly."

"Yes, mother, if I might—for I pity him so much."

"Then I should grieve to see my Maud marry him. Pity is not the feeling my daughter should have for her future husband—but an elevating love—a high respect. My Maud does not yet even dream of the love she may one day bear one who shall be worthy of her—who shall be able to sustain and elevate her."

"But, oh, mother, his empty, desolate home. To find no one sitting by the hearth. It is enough to break his heart. I cannot bear to think of it."

"But his heart is not so easily broken—it is not so tender as yours; besides, he must not stay in the desolate home. It will be even well if suffering drives him forth. A cottage on a barren farm is no proper place for a talented young man of this century and country. He must go forth into the great struggling world, and win himself a name and a place among men."

And thus the mother and child held sweet counsel together for a couple of hours, at the end of which time Richard Pemberton joined them, and the conversation took another turn.

Soon after the carriage was announced, and they separated to prepare for a drive to the village, whither Mrs. Pemberton was going to purchase for her daughter a much needed new wardrobe of the best material that the limited country shop could supply.

They returned to a late dinner.

That evening after Mr. and Mrs. Pemberton had retired to their chamber:

"I feel very anxious about our little girl," said Richard Pemberton. "I have seen her eyes fill with tears several times to-day. I do earnestly hope that this is no 'Romeo and Juliet' affair between these young people."

"Do not be uneasy. That Falconer loves as he does everything, manly, there can be no doubt. But that Maud loves with any other than a sisterly affection I do not believe. Maud's heart, I assure you, has never been awakened to any stronger, more exclusive love than that of sister for her brother. You might have been sure of that by the perfect openness with which she spoke of her affection for Falconer. Do girls speak so of their lovers?"

"I judged as you do, and yet her tears."

"They are a sister's tears for a poor bereaved brother; no more than just that."

The next day about noon the party from the city, consisting of Sir Henry Percival, Miss Honoria and Letty Pemberton, arrived.

They were put in possession of this piece of secret family history as soon as possible after their establishment at the Hall. The delight of Letty was affecting, it betrayed itself in a burst of tears as she pressed the new-found darling fondly to her faithful, affectionate bosom.

Honoria embraced her adopted sister, and touched her warm, rosy cheek with her chilly lips, and then felt that she had done everything that was required of her.

But Sir Henry Percival, the young baronet, when he was presented to the beautiful girl, started as if out of sleep, for he had been gazing on her in a perfect trance of admiration.

This did not especially delight Miss Honoria, who certainly considered Sir Henry as her own peculiar cavalier. In the course of a few days the now somewhat large family were comfortably settled in their winter quarters and preparations were in progress for Christmas.

But in the meantime they heard nothing whatever from Falconer O'Donovan, and Maud grew daily more anxious and depressed.

Often in her innocent frankness she expressed her anxiety, and asked her father or mother if either had heard anything of Falconer O'Donovan; but her parents had heard nothing satisfactory of the young man.

In the meantime Falconer had received Richard Pemberton's generous letter, but, maddened with love, jealousy, disappointment and rage, the boy saw everything distorted, through the false medium of his passions, and imagined that his claim upon Maud was indisputable, and that Richard Pemberton knew it to be so, and had written that temporising, conciliatory letter only to gain time and put him off indefinitely.

And therefore, Falconer, to use his own expression, resolved "by fair means or foul" to get the maiden in his power.

He sat up all one night to write to her, and in the morning he took the letter to Coverdale Hall, and put it into the hands of James with strict injunctions to carry it to his young mistress. James gave it into the charge of Susan, Maud's own maid, with instructions to take it immediately up to Miss Pemberton.

It was as yet early in the morning, and the maiden had just risen from her bed, and was standing before a dressing glass, combing out her long bright ringlets, when the maid entered and laid the letter on the dressing table before her.

Maud took it up, it was directed to Mrs. Falconer

O'Donovan. The young girl laid it down again with a troubled countenance and a tremulous sigh, inquiring:

"Who brought this, Susan?"

"I don't know, Miss Pemberton. James gave it to me to bring up to you."

Maud took the letter up once more, turned it over, contemplated the superscription wistfully, and with another sigh put it into the hand of her maid, saying:

"Susan, take this letter back to the messenger who brought it, and say,—mind now attend and repeat my words exactly, Susan—say that it has been misdirected—observe, misdirected."

"Yes, miss," said the maid, recovering the letter, and leaving the room to obey. When she was gone, Maud leaned her elbows on the dressing-table, dropped her face upon her hands, and soon the tears were stealing between her fingers.

She wiped them hastily away, and lifted up her head as she heard her attendant return to the room, Susan entered smiling with the letter and said:

It was Mr. Falconer O'Donovan who brought it, Miss Pemberton, and he says it was not misdirected, it was for you."

"And where is Mr. O'Donovan?" inquired Maud, in a faint voice, as trembling she took the letter.

"He went away directly, Miss Pemberton."

Maud finished her toilet and dismissed her attendant, and then took up the letter, pressed it to her quivering lips, and placed it in her bosom next her heart, while she knelt and offered up her morning prayers.

Then she rose from her knees, threw a light shawl over her shoulders, and prepared to go downstairs, but when quite ready she hesitated, drew the letter from her bosom, looked at it again, turned it over and over, trifled with the seal, dwelt upon the handwriting, and notwithstanding the presumptuous superscription, pressed it fervently to her lips and bosom, sat down upon the sofa, and wept over it. She would have given much for the privilege of reading Falconer's letter, and answering it kindly and soothingly. But she knew her duty better.

After her fit of crying was over she rose again, folded the shawl across her breast, and went down into the sitting-room, where the family were all assembled for morning worship. As soon as that service was over they all went in to breakfast.

After breakfast all dispersed, each to make arrangements for spending the forenoon, either in work, amusement, or study.

Maud went up to her father's study with the purpose of speaking to him about the letter she had received. She found both her parents there in consultation upon some building plan. But as they saw her enter they broke off their conversation, and turned with smiles to welcome their beautiful child.

She advanced to the table and laid the letter before her father. Richard Pemberton took it up and looked at it with surprise and vexation.

(To be Continued.)

TELEPHONIC MUSIC.

At a recent telephonic concert it was stated by the lecturer that the electric waves of sound sent through a single wire are frequently conveyed, indirectly, by other wires running parallel with it on the same poles, although entirely disconnected from it. This statement was verified in the Washington office of the Associated Press, where a number of tunes played in Philadelphia, and conveyed electrically to Lincoln Hall in Washington, were distinctly heard on the relay used in the Press office, which had no connection with the wire that was attached to the telephone. The tones thus conveyed, although not loud, were stated to be audible at a distance of several yards from the instrument.

FIFTEEN YEARS IN PRISON.

HERE is a scrap from the reminiscences of a Hungarian nobleman who spent the best part of his manhood's life in prison:—"Fifteen years I was in this dungeon—a rough, dark, noisome place, not more than ten feet square," he writes. "During six years I had a companion; during nine years, I was alone. I could never clearly distinguish the gloominess of our cell. The first year, when we did not sleep, we talked incessantly together; we related every incident of the past which we could call to mind—told of our joys and our sorrows—over and over again. The next year we refrained from relating experience, and gave to each other our thoughts upon all sorts of subjects. During the third year we grew silent. We were

losing the power of reflection, and the old ideas were forgotten. During the fourth year we spoke but seldom, and then only to wonder if the world without was bright and bustling as we had left it. During the fifth we were mostly silent. There had come a feeling of sadness—of isolation—which would not be broken in upon. The effort of speech was painful.

During the sixth year my companion was taken away. They came and led him out, whether to death or to liberty I knew not. I was glad when he was gone. The pale, vacant face, dimly visible in the ceaseless gloom—always in the self-same place, always an index of woe and suffering—had become unbearable. Had he been taken during the first or second year, I should have been crushed; but now the solitude was grateful. I was thankful when I found myself alone with my great sorrow.

One day—more than a year after my companion had been taken away—I heard the sound of a human voice again. The door of my cell was opened, and a voice said to me, "By order of his Imperial Majesty I inform you, Sir Count, that your wife died twelve months since." Then the door was shut. The great agony had been cast in upon me, and I was left alone with it. The next speech I heard was of my liberation. The best part of my life was behind me. Heaven grant that I may live long enough to learn to be grateful for my liberty."

Yes, there is a depth of misery that wants no company, and many are the men who have found and suffered it.

DUBLIN DAN; OR, THE ROSE OF BALLYHOOLAN.

CHAPTER XIV.

DARNEY'S WILES.

THERE was a demoniac grin on the informer's face as he contemplated Dan by the light of his lantern, and his ill-favoured features were seen at their worst.

"Aha!" he exclaimed; "I wasn't far wrong when I said to myself, 'Peter, says I, 'where the dam is, the cub won't be far away.'"

"What do you want with me?" asked Dan, feeling very uncomfortable.

"I'll have to hold ye under arrest, mahoneehal."

"If you dare to come near me I'll brain ye!" replied Dan.

"Whisht!" answered Peter Mahoney, exhibiting a stout stick; "I've this to talk to you; and if that isn't enough, a little pistol, which, begorra, can bite as well as bark."

Dan saw that he was in the man's power, and that if he would act at all he must do something at once.

"Well, I'll go with you!" he abruptly exclaimed, as he affected a submissive air.

"Now you have sinse," replied Peter, gaily, pleased at seeing his victim so docile.

"The game's up," continued Dan, approaching the informer.

Peter was entirely unsuspicious of any trickery and held out a pair of handcuffs.

"I'll have to slip them on, Masther Dan, dear," he exclaimed. "No offense, you know—not the last in the world; but it's more for the look of the thing than me doubtin' ye."

"All right," answered Dan, trembling with ill-suppressed passion.

He extended his arms, as if he intended to allow the spy to slip the irons on his wrists; but with a sudden jerk he snatched the lantern from Peter's grasp and threw it down the hole into the stable below.

Then he picked up the stick he had dropped and dealt the spy a blow on the head which sent him reeling several paces backward.

"Thunder and twf!" cried Peter Mahoney. "I'll have revenge for this, you young deatiful hound. Take that, begorra. How do you like a taste of it, eh?"

Dan received the blow he aimed at him on his shoulder.

Then began a fight in the dark.

"You vile, degraded wretch!" said Dan; "though you are a man and I'm only a boy, I'll show you that I'm not to be made away with so easily as you

suppose. We are equally armed, for you dare not fire your pistol. If you did, Mrs. O'Rourke and her friends would be here in an instant, and you know there is always someone drinking in the house at this time of the evening."

"Hang you! had cess to ye," replied Peter. "May you end your days in bitter heart-sorrow!"

"Curses are like chickens, Peter; they always come back to roost."

He approached the informer silently in the dark, and dealt him a heavy whack on the head, which brought him on his knees.

"Och, murther! I'm kilt intirely, I am," cried the spy.

Again and again Dan struck him, until he was covered with blood, and so badly beaten that he could not move.

"For the Lord's sake, Masther Dan, dear, lave off. It's murtherin' me ye are," said the spy, in a piteous whining tone.

"What odds if I kill you?" replied Dan.

"Oh, thin, by the howly rimmants and the blessed saints, ye wouldn't have my plood on your hands! Howly vargin; don't strike any more. It's myself that will never trouble ye ag'in, if we live a thousand years."

"I'll spare your wretched life, though you were going to consign me to a living death as the inmate of a British dungeon," replied Dan.

"The Lord preserve you, Dan, dear," said the informer.

Dan left him rubbing the wounds on his head, while he picked up the lantern, which had not been extinguished in its fall.

Returning to that part of the loft where the fight had begun, he possessed himself of the manacles which Peter had intended to ornament him with, and dexterously fitted them on the spy.

"Och, murther!" cried Peter. "Lave the key, thin, Masther Dan, darlint. It's a patint lock, an' sure there isn't a man in the county who can open these irons without the key, an' they'll have to send to Dublin, aggra, for the maker."

"I don't care if they have to send to Jericho," replied Dan.

"The key! the key!" moaned Peter.

"Not if I know it. Now, good-bye, Mahoney, I'm off."

"Why won't you stop here?" exclaimed the informer. "I'll never brake a word to livin' soul, an' ye can lie hid in this bit of a barn till the troubles are over."

"I can't trust you, Peter," replied Dan, shaking his head. "You'll sleep well, I hope, and if any of the boys should beat you when the Rose of Ballyhoonan finds you to-morrow as she comes with my breakfast, it won't be my fault."

Peter groaned dismally.

"Is it bate a poor fellow like me?" he said.

"Yes, and for fear they should forget to do it, I'll write a bit of a note which I'll stick on the wall."

Tearing a leaf from his pocket-book he hastily scrawled with a pencil:

"Peter Mahoney, spy and informer. Beat him well before you let him go. The mean cur deserves all he gets."

"That will do your business, friend Peter," cried Dan, sticking the paper on a nail in the wall where it could not fail to be seen.

"Oh! wirra wirra! why was I born at all at all? Have ye no mercy, Dan Deering, an' you so young and ginuous? It's deatified in ye I am intirely," said the wretched man.

"Lie still, Peter," replied Dan. "It's no good squirming. I hope the bracelets fit you well, and trust you'll wear them until we meet again."

With those words he disappeared down the ladder, the spy's groans ringing in his ear like pleasant music.

He at once sought the high road, for he knew that Mrs. O'Rourke's was no longer a safe hiding-place for him.

At midnight he had to meet Barney at the cross-roads, and he had nothing to do but to sit down in some secluded spot thereabouts and wait for his arrival.

As may be imagined, he was in high glee at his escape from the treacherous surprise the astute Peter Mahoney had planned for him, and he could not help laughing to himself at the complete discomfiture of the spy.

The time dragged wearily along until midnight, when on repairing to the appointed spot, he found Barney awaiting him.

"Halloa," cried Dan, "you are punctual, for I can hear Ballyhoonan church clock striking the hour."

"I've been busy," replied Barney, "an' see what I've got."

He held up a folded parchment, and by the light of the moon Dan read, to his great surprise: "The last will and testament of Thomas Deering."

"Why, it's my father's will!" he exclaimed.

"That's just what it is," answered Barney. "It's the one your Uncle Luke holds the property under, and this once destroyed, yer as right as a new sixpence."

"How did you get it?"

"When you told me he had it in his coat-pocket, I went up to the Hall, and nobody taking note of me I crawled into the dining-room an' hid behind a curtain. After a time, yer uncle smoked a cigar and drank a powerful lot of wine. Thin he went to sleep."

"And while he was asleep you stole the will, I suppose."

"That's it," replied Barney, grinning from ear to ear. "It's all for you, Dan," he added, "you can fight him now and hold your own."

Dan could not help being touched with the lad's devotion. But he shook his head sadly.

"No, Barney," he replied, "such happiness is not for me."

"An' why not, if ye please?"

"For two reasons. You forget that I am a proscribed rebel with a price on my head."

"But sure an' won't the boys bate the redcoats out of their skins to-morrow? and thin Ireland will belong to the Irish an' we'll all of us have good times."

"Heaven grant it may be," replied Dan, fervently, "But even if it happened that way, I could not use this will."

"Bogorra, ye're gettin' so proud, ye'll be loike the man priestly who put whisky in a bottle and shrew stones at it."

"I have the will, yet I did not come fairly by it, and though I am very much obliged to you, Barney, for procuring it for me as you did, I shall nevertheless feel it to be my bounden duty to return it to my uncle at the earliest opportunity."

"Tare an' oans! is that the sort of a chap you are?" answered Barney, somewhat crest-fallen, "But I'm soft, they say, an' maybe you're right an' I'm wrong. I don't understand things as you do, aggra."

"Well, Barney, what war news have you?" asked Dan.

"Captain Meriarty will give battle to-morrow to the sogers, an' they say another regiment of infantry has come up from Limerick."

"That's bad," answered Dan.

"I saw Mary O'Rourke as I came along, by token that I went into the house for a drop of whisky."

"What did she say?"

"I told her you were pantin', fairly lipping to go an' fight for your country, and she said she'd release you from your promise."

"She did?"

Dan could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses when he heard this, for he knew how resolute the Rose of Ballyhoonan usually was when she made up her mind on a particular point.

"Yes," replied Barney, looking him earnestly in the face. "Divil a word of a lie is there about that, an' if you don't believe me, there's her own gold ring which she took off her purty finger and says she, 'Barney, take that to him in the barn an' tell him I can't kape him while Ireland wants him.'"

"Did she say that?"

"Honest."

Dan took the ring, which was certainly Mary O'Rourke's, for many a time had he seen it on her hand.

"I need hesitate no longer," he said, "since Mary has given me back my word. I'll fight with the boys to-morrow and Heaven save Ireland!"

"Amin to that," replied Barney.

Dan slipped the ring on his own finger, and he and Barney then started for that portion of the hills in which the insurrectionary forces were camped, waiting for the battle of the ensuing day.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PARTISANS MEET THE SOLDIERS.

BARNEY was delighted at the success of his intrigues.

He chatted gaily as he and Dan walked towards the hills, never for a moment doubting in his half-witted mind that the patriots would make short work of the soldiers when they should encounter them on the morrow.

This view was shared by the recruits who had joined the standard of rebellion under Captain Moriarty.

The gallant Irish-American had done all that lay in his power to drill the undisciplined troops, who numbered, all told, about five hundred, some being provided with rifles, though the majority had nothing better than pikes, saythes fastened on poles, and old-fashioned pistols, with a scanty supply of ammunition.

It was believed that many of the soldiers would desert their colours and come over to them when the time arrived.

How erroneous this belief was will be seen presently.

After travelling a short distance the boys came to a barn, where they determined to sleep for a few hours.

When they awoke it was broad daylight.

Issuing from their shelter they heard the inspiring sounds of a drum and three fiddles.

"The boys are comin'," cried Barney, throwing up his cap.

Looking down a lane, they beheld a long line of men marching four deep, a man on horseback being at their head.

These were the patriots who marched with a firm step, though their discipline was far from perfect, and the line struggled a great deal more than was necessary.

Young lads were there fresh from the plough; one veteran who had gone through the hard times of the famine and '48.

There was a look of calm resignation about them, rather than of fierce determination.

They had been told that the time for action had come, and, as ever in Irish history, they were ready to lay down their lives for their country.

"Come along!" exclaimed Barney; "be dad, I'll have to show you to the captain, and maybe the sight of you will do the boys good."

He caught Dan by the hand and led him to the lane.

Captain Moriarty no sooner saw Dublin Dan than he passed the word to halt, down the whole line.

"Here he is, captain darlint," cried Barney; "didn't I tell yes I wouldn't come back without him?"

Moriarty gave Dan a smile of welcome.

"My dear boy," he exclaimed, leaning over his horse's head and extending his hand, which Dan eagerly grasped, "I am indeed glad to renew our acquaintance."

"I have come to do whatever duty you assign me, sir," replied Dan.

"Spoken like a true-hearted boy," said Captain Moriarty, "and I shall at once give you a post of honour as captain, company No. 4. They are mostly men from your father's estate, and I'll bet that they won't fight any the worse for being led by a Deering."

Dan bowed at this compliment.

Galloping along the line, Captain Moriarty spoke to each company in turn, and a loud cheer arose from van to rear.

It was clear that Dan was recognised, and his presence among them appreciated.

Stopping in front of the company to which he had appointed him, the captain beckoned Dan to advance.

He did so.

As he walked along, many a familiar face met his eye, many a hand was stretched out to grasp his, and many a heart voice greeted him.

Black Mike was there, and he was the only one who smiled at him, for Mickey had heard that he had to thank Dan for his unsuccessful attack upon Loughmahon.

Dan at once put himself at the head of company No. 4, and Captain Moriarty gracefully made him a present of his own sword, with the impressive words, "Strike for Ireland."

Dan sank on one knee, and raising the sword to his lips, kissed it, saying:

"With Heaven's help I will, and may each of us this day and hereafter bear as firm a heart as I."

A loud shout from those near him rent the air; it was taken up by the others in front and rear; the enthusiasm became general; a lively air was played by the rude band. Captain Moriarty cantered to the front again, the word "by four right—quick, march!" was given and the little army was again in motion.

Barney had disappeared, whither Dan did not know, nor did he think much about him, for his mind was full of the momentous issues to be decided that day.

His young heart beat proudly at the important position he held, and in imagination he already saw the Queen's troops flying helter skelter before the furious onslaught of the patriots.

The road taken by Captain Moriarty led directly towards Mrs. O'Rourke's wayside shebeen.

The country round about was on the left table land, and on the right a thick wood stretched north and south for some miles. Captain Moriarty knew that his progress would soon be communicated to the soldiery at Ennisfallon, and he judged that he could not select a better place for a battle.

If defeated on the table land, he could retreat with his men to the wood, in which the dragons could not manoeuvre, and he hoped anyway to be able to hold the infantry in check.

The rising was to be simultaneous in all parts of Ireland, and he hoped that he would soon have help in arms, ammunition and reinforcements. A singular appearance was presented by the patriots, who wore no uniform, some being dressed in tattered garments, but all wearing a green cockade, one of which had been given to Dan and pinned to his cap.

When Mrs. O'Rourke's was reached, the captain halted his men in a field adjoining, and posting pickets to prevent a surprise, told the men to seek refreshments.

He himself sought Mrs. O'Rourke as the men crowded into the place and offered her a bond on the Irish Republic to indemnify her for every loss she might sustain.

Indignantly pushing it on one side, she replied: "Sure an' the boys are welcome to what they can find. I'll have no pay for it."

Dan pushed through the bar where whisky was being dispensed from a barrel, and entered the kitchen, where he found his mother, grandmother and Molly O'Rourke.

When they saw him with the green cockade and a sword by his side they burst into tears.

"Oh, my child," cried Mrs. Deering, "what have you done?"

"Simply my duty, mother," he replied.

The Rose of Ballyhoohan looked reproachfully at him.

"Is this all the respect you have for your word, Dan?" she exclaimed.

"You gave me back my promise," he replied.

"I," she repeated in astonishment.

"Yes, you."

"Never," said Molly O'Rourke, emphatically.

"But your ring. Barney brought it to me as a pledge from your own sweet self."

"Barney stole it. You have been deceived."

Dan hung down his head.

"Molly, forgive me," he said. "Barney has told me a fib, but believe me, I never would have joined had I not thought you had set me free from my oath."

"It is too late to go back, Dan," she said, with a sigh of resignation. "I acquit you from all blame. Heaven save you sgra. The die is cast."

Mrs. Deering could not speak.

Her weak, soft heart was too full for words, and she wept silently.

His grandmother, Mrs. Flannigan, however, was crooning to herself by the fire-place.

Suddenly she raised her voice, her eyes blazed like live coals, the veins on her forehead were enlarged, and with an impressive gesture she exclaimed:

"Hark! hark! 'tis the spirit that speaks!"

"Hush," whispered Molly, "the dark time is on her."

In a clear voice she chanted rather than sang these rude lines:

"Though dark are the clouds, and black is the night,

We soon shall see again the bright daylight.

His honour cleared and his name without stain,

The hero of Loughmahon shall reign again,

In the halls of his ancestors, blithe and gay,

When past are the sorrows of this sad day.

He will save Ireland, but alas! not yet,

England's cruel swords with blood shall be wet;

Wet with the life-blood of Erin's bold sons,

Which ever for Ireland, willingly runs."

They listened in spell-bound silence to this prophecy, and noticed that when the old crone had ended, she sank into a trance-like state, oblivious of all around her.

"What think you of that, Mary?" said Dan, with a faint smile.

"She is never wrong," replied the Rose. "It is good for you, Dan dear, you may have much to suffer yet, but you will not die to-day."

"I do not want to die—for mother's sake, and—

and yours, acushla machree." She pressed his hand fervently.

Their eyes met and their eloquent glances spoke more than words. Outside in the bar and on the road, the din of voices, loud talking and laughing, was deafening.

The boys were evidently enjoying themselves in their own light-hearted manner, forgetful of the fact that ere night many of them would probably be lying stiff and stark in the grey moonlight, with no one to utter the soul-deadening "keen."

All at once a gaunt, wild-looking figure entered the kitchen from the back door opening on the yard.

It was Peter Mahoney, whose hands were still manacled.

He had made his escape from the loft, but found it utterly impossible to undo the handcuffs without the patent key which Dan had taken along with him.

"Och! Master Dan, dear," he exclaimed, in piteous accents, "bring out the key. I can't run with me hands tied, and if the boys see me, they'll tear me to pieces."

"You three-cornered thief!" answered Dan. "If they did tear you to pieces and put you together again they couldn't make you square."

"De jabers, it's yer honour's the boy for a bit of a joke," said Peter, with a forced laugh.

"Get out of here," cried Dan, raising his sword threateningly.

"But the key—I can't go without the key of these irons."

"You wanted to put them on me, didn't you?"

"Sure an' it was all a mistake, yer honour; just a little lispin' country, that's all, on the word of a man," replied the informer.

"Call yourself a man!" exclaimed Dan, contemptuously.

"Oh, wirra, wirra, what'll I do?" cried Peter. "I kept in the loft of the barn till the rats came in and bit me, an' going down the ladder, I slipped, nearly breaking the leg off me. It was a bitter time for me, when I did the man's orders an' wint after you."

"What master?"

"Who'd I be after namin' but yer uncle, Luke Deering."

Dan again raised his sword and ran at the spy, who crouched in a corner.

"Shrike," he said, in a whining voice. "If I'm to be kilt, I'd rather die here than be murdered by Black Mike and his rappers outside."

Lowering his sword, Dan hesitated how to act with him.

"Let him go," said Mary O'Rourke, "you'll soon have nobler work to do with your sword than to be riding the earth of that villain."

"But he is my persistent enemy, Molly dear," replied Dan. "He deserves all he gets."

"He is unworthy of your notice."

Just then there was a terrible outcry in the bar-room, and it seemed as if some quarrel had arisen.

Dan pushed the door open and looked in.

To his surprise he saw his Uncle Luke struggling in the bands of Black Mike, and half a dozen others were striking him with their fists in the face.

"Ye blaggard!" exclaimed Mickey Doole. "It's sorry I am to soil the hands of me with such a manse cur, an' I own to my soul I'd sooner touch a gauger."

"Let me go, my good fellows; I mean you no harm," answered Luke Deering. "Wasn't I riding by peacefully when you shot my horse and dragged me in here?"

"Yes, riding peacefully to Ennisfallon, maybe, to see the redcoats."

"What hurt have I ever done any of you?"

There was a fierce howl of derision.

"Didn't you kill your brother wid givin' him a doctored horse? Wasn't it yourself that gave up your nephew to the soldiers?" replied Black Mike.

"Never mind that," said Mr. Deering. "There are two sides to every story, and I don't recognise you as my judges."

A man here stepped forward, and struck him in the face, which was already badly cut, bruised, and stained with blood.

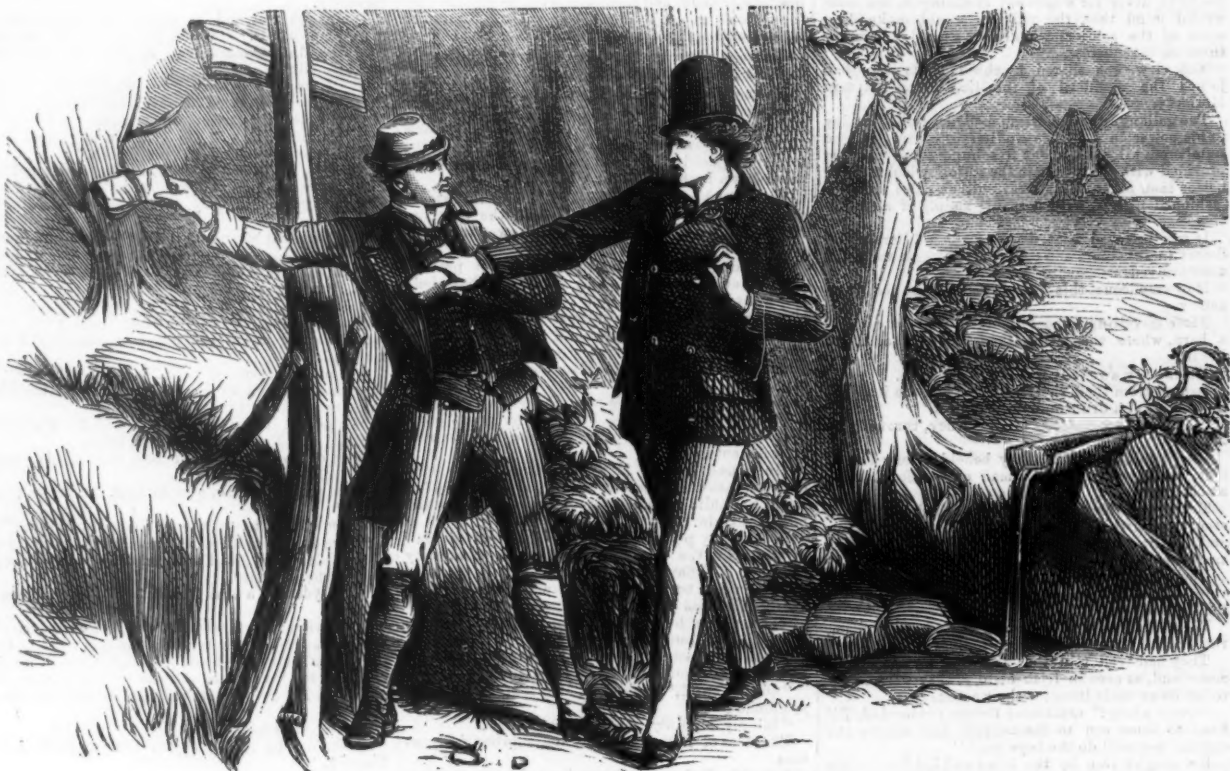
"Didn't you evict me an' mine, ye false-hearted baste?" exclaimed the man; "and we wid no roof to cover us since, an' neither the bit nor the sup for the children, while ye seized even the pig, the cratur, for rent—bad luck to you."

"Cowards! Do you call yourselves Irishmen?" cried Mr. Deering.

In spite of the blows he had received, his face was very pale.

Threatening gestures were again made, wild cries raised, and menacing voices denounced him in a babel like chorus.

It would undoubtedly have gone hard with him had not Dan pushed the crowd on one side.



[THE WILL DISCOVERED.]

"Let go, Mike," he exclaimed, striking down his arm with the flat of his sword. "If he belongs to anyone, it's me."

"Hang you! what did you hit me for?" asked Black Mike.

"This way, uncle," continued Dan, leading him away to the kitchen, without bestowing any further attention on Mickey.

The latter would have followed them, but a number of men put themselves in the way and persuaded the big bully to take a drink, instead of interfering any further.

When they had reached the kitchen, Dan shut and bolted the door.

"Your servant, ladies," said Luke Deering, with a bow. "I have just escaped from the nationals, thanks to the interference of my nephew."

"It's more than you deserve," replied the Rose, turning coldly away.

"I don't want your thanks, uncle," said Dan, "and I know your real sentiments towards me too well to believe in any protestations of friendship on your part."

Luke Deering shrugged his shoulders.

"Don't talk that way, Dan," exclaimed Mrs. Deering; "you shouldn't anger your uncle, perhaps he will do what is right after all."

"Silence, mother," cried Dan. "I have something to say to him and very little time to say it in."

Mrs. Deering resumed her seat. The informer still crouched in the corner, listening to everything and with a lynx-like eye.

Dan drew from his pocket the will which Barney had given him on the previous night.

"Do you recognise this?" he said.

"Yes, yes," cried Luke, eagerly. "Give it to me. It is not yours. You have no right to keep it. The will—your father's lawful will—is mine, and it could not have come honestly into your hands."

"Stop there," exclaimed Dan, a blush of indignation mantling his cheek. "I am no robber, whatever you may be."

"How did you get it, then?" asked Luke Deering, moderating his tone.

"Barney, the half-witted boy, gave it to me."

"And you intend to keep it?" said Luke. "But recollect, if you destroy it you will do yourself no good. You are a rebel, and—"

"Hush!" interrupted Molly. "That is no name to apply to one so brave, so patriotic, and so pure in heart as Dan."

"Facts speak for themselves, miss, and facts are

stubborn things," replied Luke, with a hard smile.

"Uncle," said Dan. "I did not authorise or know of the theft of this document until it was put in my hands. I might have destroyed it on the spot, and whether we win in the fight to-day, and we and Ireland are free, or we are defeated, rotting on the field of battle, or languishing in a British dungeon, my mother would have had the property, while you would once more be a friendless stranger and a penniless outcast."

He paused and looked his uncle in the face. The latter cast down his eyes.

"I saved your life," he continued, and I give you the will."

There was something sublime in this action of Dublin Dan. It was so generous and disinterested, so honest and grand, that all felt a thrill at the heart except the informer and the recipient of the kindness. Boy though he was, Dan spoke, looked, and acted like a man. The strange events through which he had lately passed, and the grave issues at stake, made his judgment ripe and his mind mature.

Luke Deering eagerly grabbed the will—no other word will express the way in which he seized it—and hid it away in his breast pocket.

"I will remember this," he said.

"Yes," replied Dan, with a disdainful laugh. You will remember it only to call me a young fool, a romantic idiot, or something of that sort. You cannot appreciate honesty. But go—you are free."

Luke made for the back entrance.

At this movement on his patron's part, Peter Mahoney sprang up from his corner.

"For the blessed Saint Patrick's sake don't lave me behind, yer honour," he cried.

As he spoke he held up his manacled hands.

"What means this?" asked Luke, bending his shaggy brows.

"I'm a prisoner of war, like your honour's swate self."

"Stay where you are," was the rough reply.

"Och, wirra, wirra!" exclaimed Peter. "Would you have me hung, drawn, and quartered by the rebels?"

"What is it to me?"

With this answer Luke Deering passed through the door, leaving his faithful spy to whatever fate awaited him.

The informer became the picture of despair.

Then his face lighted up with the fire of fierce, undenyng hatred.

"Oh, bad cess to yer and the likes of sich a spalpeen! If I'm lucky enough to git me out of this scrape I'm in to-day, I'll have me revenge on you, Luke Deering."

Dan fumbled in his pocket for the key. He found it.

"Come here, Peter," he exclaimed. "It would be a great pity to part such a precious pair, and, on my life, I think that the boys, if they found you, wouldn't be long in making a target of you."

The informer approached.

Dan unlocked the handcuffs, which fell from his wrists, with a heavy clank, to the floor.

"Good for evil," remarked the Rose of Ballyhoalan.

"Just like Dan," said his mother.

Mrs. Flannigan looked up, and exclaimed, in her sepulchral tones:

"Those who throw their bread upon the waters shall find it after many days. Thus spake the Saviour."

For a moment Peter Mahoney could scarcely believe in the evidence of his senses. Such kindness was totally unexpected.

"Och, be jabers!" he cried, cutting a caper. "It's the broth of a bhoy ye are, after all, Masther Dan. But ye shan't lose by it, divil a bit, though it's meself that says it."

"Clear out," replied Dan.

Peter did not stay to be told twice. He ran to the door, and soon two figures might have been seen running at the top of their speed across the meadows, in the direction of Ballyhoalan. They were Luke Deering and the informer.

Mrs. Deering clasped her son in her arms and kissed him tenderly.

"My dear boy, I am proud of you," she said, her eyes swimming with tears.

The Rose approached.

"My turn, now," she exclaimed, with an arch smile.

Raising his hand to her lips, she kissed the tips of his fingers.

"You are one in a thousand," she added. "And, Dan, dear, I don't think I should have been simple-minded enough to give up the will, and let them go."

Dan was about to reply when the hurried beating of a drum was heard.

(To be Continued.)



[IN THE STATION.]

THE GOLDEN BOWL.

By the Author of "Dan's Treasure," "Clytis Cranbourne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"AND I AM DARK—GOOD MORNING."

"He is a handsome fellow, and might well bewitch such a woman," was the lawyer's mental comment, as he walked into the room where David Bristol was awaiting him.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," he said, aloud, pointing to a chair, while he himself took a seat. "May I ask if you come as the representative of Mrs. Kempson?"

"No, she does not know of my visit, and I do not wish her to do so."

The lawyer bowed, which with him was as good as a promise that she should not hear of it from him, then the doctor went on:

"My visit to you this evening is unusual, particularly as I have not the pleasure of knowing you individually, but from the manner in which I have always heard you spoken of I feel convinced you would not take any unusual step, particularly in the way of business, without good grounds for so doing, and as I am engaged to the lady you are taking action against, I feel, as you can have no personal motive, I ought to know your reasons for doing so."

Willoughby Shrapnell smiled as he said:

"You are not much of a man of the world, Dr. Bristol, or you would never come to me with such a simple request. Of course I have a motive in acting as I am against Mrs. Kempson, equally, of course, from the intimate relation in which you stand to her I must regard her interests and yours as identical, and therefore you may be quite sure I shall not show you my hand."

"You are mistaken. I thought I might have set matters right, or perhaps that it was something about herself that could prevent my marrying her; but we will say no more on that point. I had no desire to intrude on your confidence, and my own interest would not have brought me here, but I pro-

mised Mrs. Kempson's companion, Miss Bray, to see you, and ask you if you met the man last night whom she believed to be Godfrey Slocombe. We saw you leave the theatre, and she is in a state of great excitement about him. You will remember that in the trial she gave a reason for her interest in him."

"I remember. Yes, you may tell her I did meet him. He denied that his name was Slocombe, however. I promised him and another sailor with him a guinea each if they would call at my office this morning, but they never came."

"And you have no proof of the man's identity?"

"None but my own belief."

"May I ask if it is the same as Miss Bray's? I shall repeat your answer only to her."

"It is; but he seems dull and stupid. His companions told me he had lost his memory since some great illness that he had. Do such things ever happen, doctor?"

"Yes, often, after some heavy shock or great blow. Perhaps part of the cranium is pressing on the brain. In that case he would be little better than an idiot."

"As I observed, I have no proof except the great likeness between them, that this man is Godfrey Slocombe. I regret now that I did not call the police and have him detained till his identity was proved, but it did not occur to me till it was too late."

"Since you feel so positive upon the point I think you ought to communicate with the police. You see a man's life is at stake. More than that, he ought not to be at large if he did kill Sir John Carew, and if he is innocent he ought to be proved so that the guilty may be found and punished."

"I quite agree with you; but do you for one moment believe that he is guilty?"

"I cannot say that I do. There seems such an absence of motive; yet if he did not do it, who could?"

"I have a theory of my own upon that subject. Do you remain long in town?"

"No, I return to Devonshire to-morrow."

"And Mrs. Kempson with you?"

"Oh, no. She talks of remaining in town some weeks longer, and, I forgot to add, she wishes our engagement not to be talked about at present. I hoped to have been able to arrange matters between you and her so that you might continue to be her legal adviser as you have been of her family."

"Thanks for your friendly intention, but I should decline to act for Mrs. Kempson under any circumstances," replied the lawyer. "The reason for my decision she probably knows; of course you do not, or you would not have come to me."

"I do not. I really came at the entreaty of Miss Bray to inquire after her lover, so what I have said besides you must take as uttered simply from a desire to make peace and avoid litigation. I dare say you and Hilda know your own business best without any assistance from me. Good night."

And offering his hand which Shrapnell could not refuse, he went away, looking bright and handsome enough for a happier fate than that of a second husband for Hilda Kempson.

"A good looking fool," was the lawyer's scarcely just comment, when his visitor had departed, "to think to blind me! Nothing will persuade me that she did not send him, and that he wanted to find out a few things on his own account. I hope he will tell her what I said; she will scarcely sleep soundly when she thinks of it. He is going back to Devonshire too. If I can get hold of Milly Bray, and win her confidence, I shall have something to work with. She holds some secret about her mistress; every circumstance proves it, and she is too timid, or too weak to use it."

Then he went back to Frederick Monckton, who, by this time, had nearly enveloped himself in a cloud of smoke.

It was a week after this, that Milly, one morning, heard her mistress say that she would be obliged to have a long interview with her lawyer, and that she should go alone.

"But you are not to go out of the hotel in my absence, Milly," she said as she was about to start. "You might get lost, or a dozen things might happen to you that would be unpleasant; you must amuse yourself as well as you can, and to-morrow, we are going down to the Crystal Palace; Mr. Monckton has offered to take us."

"Oh, I shall do very well, thank you," replied the girl, indifferently. "I should be afraid to be out alone in the hurrying crowds of people, and I have my embroidery to do, and a novel to read, besides the newspapers, I shall not feel dull, or, not more so than usual."

"I do wish you could manage to look a little less like a mute at a funeral," said her mistress pettishly "is there anything I can do to rouse you?"

"No," hopelessly; "unless you could bring the

dead back to life, or blot out the past from my mind, and the terror of the future that hangs before me. Oh, ma'am," with sudden excitement and agitation, "it's an awful thing to feel that you've a man's life upon your conscience, and casting its shadow upon yours, to feel that you've been the cause of a fellow creature's death, even if you didn't kill him with your own hands."

"Hilda's face became ghastly, her lips parched and dry, she seemed to grasp the air, then clenched her hands, till the nails dug themselves in the palms, for at that horrible moment she seemed to see her uncle's rolling eyes, as she thought they followed her on the night of his murder, and for one brief moment, terror was so like repentance, that she wished the dead, despite her rich harvest, undone."

Only for an instant, however. It might have been a spasm of pain only, so quickly did she recover, but the light in her eye boded no good to her dependant, could she but have read the warning.

"You are enough to make the brightest day seem gloomy," she said, enigmatically, "we must have a change," and so saying, she left the room, her mind fully made up as to what that change should be.

"Poison is too dangerous," she muttered, "besides there is too much nonsense about it, and one may as well have variety in the way of getting rid of troublesome people, as in the course which one orders for dinner. Besides, a lunatic asylum will be quite as safe, without involving any risk. I shall want two doctor's certificates, and David must get them for me. I must write a careful letter to him to-night, and ask him to come up to town again. I must make him believe that she is mad, or he won't consent to it, he is such a fool; but after that the matter is easy, and I shall have nothing to fear. I have settled the asylum she shall be taken to; even to the terms if she only knew it."

And she smiled wickedly with fiendish triumph, when she thought how soon Milly's capabilities for good or evil would be put under restraint.

An hour passed. Hilda had gone to her lawyer's. Milly sat at the window, embroidery and book fallen on her lap, and her forehead pressed against the glass as she watched the crowds of people passing to and fro; in and out of the great railway station which the hotel faced.

Suddenly she started up; again there was that face and figure, but this time she would not lose it. She noticed which way it was going, then hurriedly got a hat and scarf and walked quickly out into the street.

Not unperceived, however, for Frederick Monckton, from the reading room window, caught sight of her as she crossed the street, and himself followed her at a distance.

Into the railway station, past the booking-office, where the object of her curiosity had taken her ticket, on towards the platform, past by the gate where a man stood to examine her ticket, Milly ran up, caught the lady by the arm, and said:

"Dear Miss Carrie!"

The lady started, as was natural, and her veil, a black gauze one, was over her face, but she said steadily, and in a voice which had a decidedly foreign accent:

"You do make a mistake, miss. I am Madlle. de Brun."

"Oh, Miss Carrie, don't say you don't know me," pleaded Milly. "I will never tell anything you don't wish, but do let me see your face, and feel that you are alive, it seems as if Godfrey would come back again if you are here?"

Only for a moment the stranger hesitated, she was in deep mourning, the hair which escaped from under her bonnet was a dark brown, so unlike Carrie Carew's golden tresses, and though her height and carriage were undoubtedly much the same, that was certainly not sufficient to establish her identity with the daughter of the late Sir John Carew of Clovelly.

"You think I am some one whom you would find," she said, with a foreign accent; "see, are you now satisfied?" and she threw back her veil, disclosing a face that puzzled rather than satisfied Milly.

"I—I—beg your pardon," she stammered. Still she stood gazing at her. This was the greatest enigma of all.

Carrie Carew was fair; this lady was dark, almost swarthy. Her complexion was sallow, nearly yellow, her hair but a few shades removed from black; eye-brows, eyelashes, all but her eyes, and they were blue, or so Milly fancied, for in addition to her veil, the stranger wore spectacles.

Her face was thinner than that of the lost heiress of Clovelly, and yet for all that there was a likeness—a strong likeness about her to the girl whom Sir Philip Walsingham had once thought he loved.

"Miss Carrie had a black spot in one of her front teeth," thought Milly. "I remember Sir John said he must bring her up to London to a dentist about it. If this lady's got the mark I won't believe she isn't Miss Carrie, if she talks French all day."

Then she said aloud:

"I can scarcely believe you are not the lady I'm looking for—Miss Carew, of Clovelly Court. I saw you about a week ago from the hotel window, and I've been watching whenever I could ever since. I've something very important to tell you if you are Miss Carrie."

"It is one pity I cannot say I am," with a smile, "I must look much like your friend to make you so doubt my word."

"The black spot is not there," thought Milly, with a sinking of the heart. "It can't be Miss Carrie, after all."

Then aloud she said:

"I beg your pardon, but you are so like my dear young lady; only she was fair."

"And I am dark. Good morning."

"With a bow she passed on to her train, while Milly, still bewildered, stood watching her."

Suddenly she felt a touch on her arm, and looking up, saw Fred Monckton.

"Does not that look like Miss Carrie's walk?" she asked, without greeting, and pointing to the tall, willowy figure still walking on the platform.

But Frederick Monckton made no reply. Instead of doing so, he rushed to the booking-office, secured a ticket for her scarcely knew where, and was just in time to jump into the guard's van as the train started.

"Dangerous thing to do, sir, serve you right if you was fined," said the guard severely, though before they had reached the next station, where he could get into a proper carriage, Monckton had managed to appease him.

And Milly went back to the hotel more bewildered than ever.

But her surprise for the day were not yet over. She had just finished luncheon, served up with as much ceremony as though Hilda had been present, when a card, intended for her mistress, was brought up to her.

"Dr. Finch, Bell Park Asylum, Surrey," she read, then, a suspicion of the truth entering her mind, she told the waiter to show him up.

A bland, courteous, middle-aged man, with an eye so keen that it seemed to take in everything that he looked at, entered the room, took the seat offered him, thinking how very young and pretty the heiress he had come to see was, and finding she did not commence the conversation he began:

"I called in reference to the subject of your letter, your desire to find a suitable asylum for the poor insane girl; we have every accommodation, she will be well taken care of, and the terms would be fifty pounds a year."

"Oh, fifty pounds?" Milly felt she must say something.

"Yes, very moderate, as you observe, of course she will not be a first-class patient, but for a servant you would not wish that."

"Certainly not!" said the girl, every moment dreading Hilda's return.

"And about the time you would like to send her," continued Dr. Finch, "are the certificates signed?"

"I don't know."

"Well, suppose we say next Monday, it is Tuesday to-day; nearly a week hence. I will be at home to receive the patient myself, if I may consider the matter settled."

"Yes, thank you, she will be sure to come."

And then Milly rang the bell, and the doctor, unconscious that he had been talking to the patient, went away.

Left alone, Milly's first mad idea was of flight. Then she took wit in her terror. She had evidently a few days before her, and it would go hard if she did not make Hilda Kempson wish she had never seen her.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"RUN AWAY, OF COURSE."

THE Crystal Palace is crowded, for there is a cat show on to-day, and Frederick Monckton, with two ladies, both dressed in deep mourning, under his care, finds it almost as much as he can do to force his way through the throng of people with both of them.

Of course Hilda monopolised the principal portion of his attention, and Milly lagged behind, kept back, sometimes by the crowd, sometimes by her own inclination, for mischief was lurking in the

country girl's head, and she was only perplexed how to set about it.

More than once had Hilda insisted upon turning back to look for her, and each time she had been discovered standing before some feline pet, her eyes fixed upon vacancy and her thoughts evidently far away.

"That girl is as nearly insane as she can be," said Hilda, impatiently, to her companion.

But she was not quite prepared for the stare of surprise and incredulity with which he regarded her, as he said:

"Insane, my dear Mrs. Kempson? No more than we are. She is dreaming of her lover, no doubt. It would be hard if we put down every girl as insane because she is love-sick."

"I tell you she is going mad, I have seen it for a long time."

"Then I am very sorry if that is the case, though I tell you frankly I don't agree with you. To me she seems as sane as anyone I have ever met."

"Oh, you don't know her."

The subject of their conversation having been reached and within hearing by this time, the topic changed.

"We don't want to lose you, Milly," said her mistress, tartly; "and as you will lag behind, as if you never had seen a cat in your life before, if we miss each other, you had better make your way to the screen where the kings and queens are, and there we will look for you."

To which Milly indifferently assented.

Not many minutes after this, Milly felt a hand on her arm, and turning round indignantly to see who had taken such a liberty, she encountered the smiling face of Willoughby Sharpnell.

"I want to talk with you," he said, standing back in a room, so that he was hidden from Hilda's sight; "you remember me, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Sharpnell, and I know I can trust you," she said, eagerly, feeling as though some special providence had sent him to her aid. Then she looked round fearfully, saying under a breath: "But she mustn't see me talking to you; my life wouldn't be safe; as it is she's planning to put me in a lunatic asylum. See, go out on the terrace there, and I'll follow you directly."

A hint which Willoughby Sharpnell took at once, and a few minutes after, they were walking out in the grounds, talking earnestly.

Singularly enough, Hilda and Frederick Monckton having missed Milly again, strolled out on the terrace, not to look for her, they, or rather Mrs. Kempson, thought she would when she missed them make her way to the place she had named, and then sit and wait for them, but rather to rest and talk.

"I don't think Sir Philip Walsingham is a marrying man," she was saying, "he pays attention to so many and means so little by it. I once thought he was engaged to our poor Carrie, but it appeared that I was wrong—dear me, how much the figure of that woman over there reminds me of Milly, she is too far off for me to see her face, but it cannot be her, for she has a gentleman with her."

"Of course not!" said Frederick, nervously; "shall we go and look for her; she may be getting frightened at finding herself without us."

"Yes," reluctantly answered the woman, still watching the figures that at every step were putting a greater distance between them and herself; "but I cannot help thinking I know the man and woman who are walking in that path over there. I wish I could see their faces."

"Well, would you like to follow them; we shall look very absurd however if you are mistaken, and meanwhile Miss Bray may be waiting."

"Of course, I must be mistaken, let us go and look for her, she is not safe to be left alone," and so saying she turned and re-entered the building.

What need to say that Milly was not to be found, neither by the time they reached the screen in question, nor at any later period of the day, neither could any clue to her whereabouts be traced, and when in the evening Hilda returned to her hotel in town, hoping that she would have got back before her, she was again disappointed, and it must be admitted, slightly alarmed. Not that she for a moment suspected Milly of an intention of leaving her.

She believed she held too great a terror over the girl for that, and she believed her also to be unconscious of her intention to have her confined as a lunatic, and her only supposition was that the girl, ignorant of the world in which she found herself, had become bewildered, had lost her way, and would return sooner or later scared and frightened.

As night drew on, however, and still the girl did not return, she grew a little alarmed, not knowing what to do, and at eleven o'clock, to the astonish-

ment of the waiter who answered her bell, she sent to request Mr. Monckton to come to her for a few minutes, but the man came back with a sordid face to inform her that Mr. Monckton had received a telegram but an hour before, and had gone away, saying he did not know if he should return, and had ordered his servant to pack his luggage, and start with it in the morning for Luton Park.

"Did he say he was going to Luton Park?" asked Hilda, suspiciously.

"No, he did not say where he was going, ma'am."

And when Hilda found herself alone a ridiculous suspicion flashed across her mind: it was that Frederick Monckton had run away with Milly Bray.

"The little hypocrite," she muttered, passionately, as the idea took possession of her, "to pretend to be heart-broken at the loss of one lover, and to run off in this contemptible way with another. If I once get hold of her again I'll punish her where she won't trouble her maid for the rest of her life, I can promise her."

Saying which her countenance was anything but lovely to look upon, and she took a candle in her hand, and walked into the bedroom which had been occupied by the missing girl.

"I shall soon know if she is away by accident or design," she said.

But the question after all was not easy of solution. There stood Milly's two boxes, presents from herself, and locked up as in an hotel, if not a private house, they naturally would be; but there were combs, brushes, slippers, work-basket, desk, and books about as usual; surely if the girl's absence were intentional she would not have left her worldly goods about like this.

To make quite sure that she was not being deceived by appearances also, Hilda tried her own keys until they opened the boxes and wardrobe, and here she found Milly's clothes folded or hung up in their proper places, nothing as far as she could judge, except what the girl had on, having been taken away.

"No, she never meant to go," muttered Mrs. Kempton, with satisfaction, as she re-looked the drawers and boxes. "Perhaps the little idiot has met with an accident and been taken to an hospital; at any rate I shan't trouble any more about her tonight," with which she rang for her maid, and was soon calmly sleeping the sleep of the weary if not of the just.

But the next morning Hilda Kempton woke up to the difficulties and dangers of her situation.

Her position, liberty—life itself, might depend upon Milly Bray's silence or safe-keeping, and she had long ago decided that she must be confined in a lunatic asylum, where whatever she said would be regarded as the ravings of a mad woman; must be under her own control, with her watchful eye and influence upon her, or must sleep the untimely sleep of death with the rest of her victims.

As I have before said, this latter course, which at one time would have recommended itself to her, had its drawbacks and terrors now; she felt she had reached the limit where crime of this description would be successful, and therefore she had tried with some effort the second course, and had made her arrangements perfectly, as she believed, putting in execution the first.

Now, however, the bird had flown, been lost or trapped, and she was utterly bewildered as to the means of finding her.

She wanted the advice of a man at this juncture; but though men were plentiful enough, she knew not at that moment to whom she could turn.

David Bristol had gone back to Devonshire, and if she were to send for him a day or two might elapse before he could arrive.

"Besides," she soliloquised, "he is such an idiot."

Frederick Monckton had gone away; Widdowbury Shrapnell, upon whose clear head and upright character she could have relied had he been her friend, was now her avowed enemy, and she could think of no one else to whom in her difficulty she could turn.

Suddenly a bright idea seized her; this might be a stepping stone to help her to the accomplishment of another scheme.

Sir Philip Walsingham was in town she knew, for she had seen his name in a list of county magistrates who had been present at some reception, and she knew if she sent a letter to his club it would be sure to find him.

That he had no desire to find her, was evidenced by his not having called; but Hilda was not scrupulous on such a point; she had a good excuse now for seeking for him and asking his aid.

She had lost her companion, did not know how even to go about finding her; so, as a man, could at

any rate give his advice as to the best way to begin, so she wrote a note, asking him to come to her at once as she was in great distress of mind and wanted his help, sent off the note by a messenger, and then, anxious as she was to see Milly, she sat down feverishly, hoping she would not come in until an answer arrived to her letter.

She need not have agitated herself on this score for many, many days elapsed, nay, days lengthened themselves into weeks, and weeks into months before her dark eyes lighted upon Milly Bray's fair face again.

"I will be with you almost immediately," was Sir Philip Walsingham's brief reply, and in less than half-an-hour after she had read the note, the baronet was announced.

A change has come over poor Carrie Chaw's recreant lover since that morning, now barely six months ago, when he kissed her so tenderly on the tower of Wembury Church.

His face, always inclined to be sallow, is lined with marks which denote mental suffering, while he has become almost painfully thin, and a few silver streaks are to be seen in his abundant dark brown curls.

In his manner the change is still more striking, for indifference, ennui, and a cynical disgust are apparent even as he listens to anyone speaking to him, while on any matter requiring action or decision, he has no opinion, no care, he desires nothing, hopes for nothing, believes in nothing; at thirty he has drained the cup of the enjoyment of life to the last drop, and found the dregs both black and bitter.

For the moment forgetful of the purpose for which she ostensibly sent for him, Hilda looked at him eagerly as she said:

"How ill you are looking, Sir Philip; what is the matter?"

"Nothing! I am well enough," brusquely; "what do you want me for?"

At another time Hilda would have felt offended. Now, though his manner annoyed her, she passed it over, saying quietly:

"I am in great trouble; do you remember having seen at the Court a girl who was first of all Carrie's maid, and then mine, the same who was the cause of that man Searle committing murder: Milly Bray?"

"Of course," with a twinge, as Carrie's name was mentioned.

"Well, she was a superior kind of girl, and I pitied her. I was in grief, as you know, myself, and very much alone, and I took her as a companion instead of as a servant; you would scarcely have known her from a lady, and she has been staying with me at this hotel."

"And compromised you in some way or other," remarked the baronet, coldly. "What could you expect from taking a girl of that class as an equal?"

"There you are mistaken, she has not compromised me in any way. As I have told you she is a very superior, refined, and pretty girl, and poor Carrie was very fond of her. She was very well educated too, and never made me blush for her. Besides, I pitied the girl, her lover, Geoffrey Shocombe, was murdered, you remember, and I think it preyed upon her mind, indeed I have strong doubts about her sanity, which makes the matter all the more dreadful."

"But what is the dreadful part about?" admitting the girl's perfections; "what has happened?"

"She is lost!"

"Run away, of course."

"I don't think so."

And then she gave a detailed account of her visit to the Crystal Palace with Frederick Monckton and Milly the day before, and the latter's disappearance, omitting, however, to mention her impression that she had seen Milly's figure by the side of a man who also seemed familiar, walking in the grounds. Indeed, the circumstance had altogether passed out of her mind.

"Where is Monckton? What is he doing, as he had charge of you both, he is the proper man to find her?"

"He is gone away; was telegraphed for last night."

"Of course, I don't think you need trouble yourself any more about her, Mrs. Kempton; depend upon it Monckton thought the search unnecessary. You say she is pretty?"

"Yes, but I don't believe for a moment she has gone with him, for she has not taken a single article with her except what she wore, besides, there was never the least sign of such a thing, she continues to grieve for her lover, while he is still devoted to the memory of Carrie."

Sir Philip utters a tip. What right had Monckton to be devoted to the memory of the woman who had

in her lifetime loved him; how dearly he could never know; but the very rebuke to himself which Fred Monckton's devotion implied, irritated and made him unreasonably intolerant, and he would believe nothing but bad of the man whose devotion was such a reproach to himself.

"Very bad form on his part," he observed, contemptuously; "but there can be no doubt on the subject; if it will help to satisfy you, I will make some inquiries about him and his whereabouts."

"It will be of no use; she was not the kind of girl to dream of such a thing. I sent for you to ask if I had better go to the hospitals or police stations. She may have met with an accident, a hundred things may have happened; she is a simple country girl knowing little or nothing of London, and I feel that having brought her here, I am in a measure responsible for her to her friends."

"Of course, just as you like. I'll go down to Scotland Yard with you, to put the matter in the hands of the police if you wish it, though I believe it is perfectly useless."

"Thank you, I shall be glad if you will."

And a few minutes after the two left the hotel together, and the young lady, whom Milly had accosted a day or two before, Madlle de Bruin, saw them through her blue spectacles, and she must have thought them an interesting couple, for her eyes followed them earnestly, until a turn of the street hid them from her sight; then she walked into the station and took her train as usual for Twickenham.

(To be Continued.)

AMATEUR AUTHORS.

WE are rather surprised that the daily newspapers should find it necessary to comment upon the amount of expense to which the country is put in its production of Parliamentary returns. It appears that during the session of 1875, upwards of £14,000 was spent in producing Parliamentary papers moved for by honourable members, and that the sale thereof did not even pay for the ink, or what a printer would reckon as the wear-and-tear of type and machinery. One paper, for instance, cost £412 and realised 16s., while another cost £224 and brought in return 3s., while a third, produced for £207, did not fetch 17s. We wonder what might be put down to the value of the information contained in these papers, and whether the necessity of having them filed as compilations would make up the balance to debit? Besides all this, we ought to reckon something for the amusement and satisfaction of hon. members, who, by an easy process, become authors of voluminous works of (pecuniary) importance to the whole country.

HIS EVIL GENIUS.

CHAPTER LII.

WELL, I need not pretend to give you a full and particular description of the famous coup d'état of '51, in which we thus found ourselves so strangely thrown, for I dare say you know much more now, and even at the very time a great deal better all about it in its details from the "Times" and other English papers than we ever had a chance of doing, though we happened to be on the very spot.

When we arrived that morning at the Hotel Bristol, we found my mother and relatives sitting quietly at their ten o'clock breakfast, without having heard a word, or having the slightest idea, of all that occurred during the last few hours, or that a great historical event was actually taking place, as might be said, within the length of their very noses.

"Bless me," cried my aunt, "do you think, Frank, that all you tell us as having been happening will interfere at all with my going out, and about the streets and places; there are so many things I particularly want to buy and see, now I am at Paris, it will be really too provoking to be prevented just because there has arisen a crisis or difficulty in these stupid French politics, which of course I, as an English lady and an individual, neither understand, nor take the slightest interest in."

"Your uncle," she told me confidentially, drawing me aside out of my poor mother's hearing, "seemed to think that I ought not to go out on business; but it is not pleasant, you know—which of course makes all the difference, so soon after the funeral and all that, but I had, after a little talking the

matter over, convinced him, that being, as we are, perfect strangers here, actually known, and known by nobody, it was not at all the same as if we were in England, or anywhere where we had been residing for any time, and I had quite brought him to see the thing in my own, that is the right light and now, after all, to be told that I must not go out because of this coup d'état—whatever that may mean exactly—is too ridiculous. But tell me, candidly, do you think it would be unsafe, or that any one would interfere with, or any or do anything rude to us?"

I did give her my opinion candidly, and succeeded in frightening her into being reasonable, and staying tolerably patient and quietly at home for that day; but the next morning she strongly importuned her husband to come out with her, or at any rate to allow her to go out, only to convince herself that there really was any danger, and she promised to be contented to stay shut up altogether, if she could see and satisfy herself of any need for doing so.

While my aunt was still arguing the point, all of a sudden we heard the booming of the big guns, which made the windows of the whole hotel shake and clatter again, and the rattling fire of musketry in the streets, and the yells and screams of a mixed populace of men and women who came tearing across the Place Vendôme, tended, as you may think, to convince her a little more forcibly than she had reckoned on, so that, jumping immediately from one extreme to the other, she fled screeching to an innermost apartment, and passed the best part of her next three or four days in the interior of a large linen press, or even, for some time, I believe, between the mattress and bottom boards of her bed.

Mrs. Harrison, more enterprising, and with a supreme contempt for the French and their vagaries, as she called them, was deaf to all warnings, and would insist upon making a few necessary purchases for her own and her mistress's attire. She was intensely indignant at finding all the magazines in the neighbourhood closed and deserted, and still hoping that further on she might meet with the object of her wishes, was actually in the act of clambering over the remains of a deserted barricade, when she was caught, and carried to the guard-house, and there subjected to a most ignominious personal inquisition, or, as she expressed it, entirely turned wrong side outer-most, by a parcel of unshaven heathens, to discover whether she had any arms or cartridges concealed beneath the sacred folds of her crinoline, or whatever the equivalent to that superstructure was called in those days.

"As if it was likely," she said, when indignantly recounting her wrongs, "that she was going to trampus about the streets and them Boulevardeuses with squibs and crackers sewn up in her petticoats."

Taraxacum, whose natural love of mischief and disorder had full scope during these eventful days, in spite of all advice, threats, or imploring, was out and about all day; quite sure to be wherever the fighting and row was thickest. How he escaped being picked over by one party or the other, while continually pelting away as they were, was more than I could ever account for. A dozen or more shot down the street close by the Porte St. Denis, fell, killed outright or wounded, within two yards of him, just as he had come up to the spot, as he said, to see the fun; and he, as we may suppose, having seen enough to satisfy him, walked off unscathed with his hands in his breeches' pockets.

Within a hundred paces further on he was stopped by, and at the very moment engaged in arguing with, an officer on the propriety of his continuing in the streets against orders, when a bullet from a window above passing over his shoulder, then and there cut the other poor fellow's skull in two, who dropped without uttering another syllable across his feet. That was the very shot which set the Algerian regiment as if mad, and caused the murderous fire to be directed indiscriminately up to the balconies and windows the whole way along the Boulevard.

But De Lyons' great exploit was on the Thursday morning, the 4th of December, I mean. He came rushing into my room, and sat himself down on my bed, before I was up, in convulsions of laughter. He had, it seemed, been knocking about all night, having made great friends, and had a jollification with some of the French officers who were bivouacking with their troops, under arms, in the streets, and about six in the morning had found himself in the not very aristocratic quarter of St. Antoine. There he saw a man in a forage-cap, with a drawn sword in his hand, riding like an idiot down the middle of the street, upon a great, raw-boned beast of a horse, shouting to the workmen and mechanics, who were just at that time all turning out to their work, "Aux armes, citoyens! Aux armes! A bas les traitres perfides! A bas l'usurpateur!"

"These natives are such rum uns," said De Lyons, as he graphically described the whole scene, "that it was just a toss-up whether they did not join the

fellow who was thus making a ridiculous ass of himself, and take him for a leader, to be mowed down by thousands with the grape and cannister which was ready for them. I saw some of them even flinging down their tool-baskets from their shoulders, were already beginning to shout 'Aux armes! Vive Baudin!' which some stand-by told me was the idiot's name, one of the ex-members of the defunct National Assembly. In another minute, the cry of Vive Baudin! would have been taken up and become general, and thousands would have joined themselves in ranks behind him. Of course it was no business of mine," continued Taraxacum, "but I should not have liked to have seen such folly rewarded even by the triumph of a quarter of an hour's popularity so, in spite of myself, I could not resist taking a pot-shot at him with a hors d'œuvre, in the shape of a radish as hard as a bullet, which I happened, without any special reason, to have pocketed from my dinner over-night, and which catching his horse on the crupper, set it kicking like fun, and then breaking into a rattling gallop, away it went, tearing down the street, with Mons. Baudin clinging on like grim death, with his arms round its neck, the drawn sword flying one way, the lazed forage-cap the other, and as he scattered the crowds of flying crier, like a porpoise floundering through the waves of the sea, the cries of 'Vive Baudin!' were changed to shouts of laughter and yells of derision, which only sent his frightened steed faster and further in its headlong course down the slippery and rough stones of the ill-paved Faubourg.

That skillfully-aimed hors d'œuvre may thus, perhaps, have changed whole volumes of French history. It ought to have been preserved and set in the crown of the new Imperial dynasty.

* * * * *

As I see that you really take a certain amount of interest in this narrative of mine, as I thus run on—or are, at any rate, a most patient and first-rate listener—being so, you may perhaps be wondering all this time what had become of this poor little Katie. I was I know.

You must not imagine that I had by any means forgotten her; because I have had so much to tell you without having had occasion even to allude to her name. The fact is, I could make nothing of what had become of her all that while. I could obtain no sort of satisfactory answer on the subject either from my uncle or aunt, nor even from my own mother, to any questions I might put to them, direct or indirect.

I tried hard one day to pump Harrison; and even offered her a handsome bribe in the shape of a new silk-dress. The offering she accepted, and expressed herself grateful; but when I put it plainly to her how anxious I was to know truly what had become of her young lady, she only sniffed hard at me, and solemnly swore that she did not know herself, any more than that Miss De Lornie was safe out of the reach of them, as she, Harrison, "was quite sure would never do no good, either to her or themselves, by running after her."

The colonel and my aunt talked regularly every morning of leaving Paris, and returning to Italy the next day after to-morrow; but they continued to hang on, deciding every afternoon that it would perhaps be more prudent to remain quietly where they were a little longer, until affairs had somewhat settled down again, and all rumours of more disturbances and dangers, of which there were no end, should have subsided.

De Lyons, as soon as all the fighting and excitement was over in Paris itself, was seized with a sudden recollection of his commercial engagements, and started off for either Antwerp or Amsterdam—I am not sure which, and I don't think he himself had quite made up his mind on the subject when he set out.

After he was gone I must confess I began to find myself uncommonly dull, not to say bored, with the humdrum life of our little family circle—being almost obliged, of course, to conform to their hours and habits, which were more suited to their views than mine.

I had no object or amusement, and, bless their dear hearts! they would take such excessive care of me they would hardly even let me out of their sight. However, as soon as my poor father's affairs were settled, I knew that I should happily have enough to give me just my independence, if no more, and of that I had made up my mind to avail myself. By the will, the main bulk of the property—which was not so much as I had always fancied it to have been—was left to my mother for her life, except a settlement on myself of five hundred pounds a year, until I should arrive at the age of thirty-two, and then I was to inherit a considerable property in land and funds by my grandfather's will, but only upon some very strange conditions.

The most unsatisfactory part of the matter is, that I have never been able to find out precisely what these same conditions are. There is some great mystery about them which I am not allowed to know—to tell the truth, my poor father, and, indeed, our family in general, are rather given to enjoy and cultivate mysteries.

Some time after the occasion I am speaking of, when I came back to England, I thought I would try to get at the bottom of this matter, so I went to the lawyers one day, Wyley, McCraft and Co., you know, and asking to see one of the head clerks, I insisted upon having a look at the will itself, or rather the probate duplicate, and knowing the whole particulars.

McCraft himself at first had the impudence to pretend ignorance about the whole affair—said that he didn't remember, would refer to his partners, and so on.

Then as he, I fancy, saw me beginning to get in a rage, and that I was not going to stand his nonsense, he rather changed his tack, and began in another but scarcely less offensive manner, to put me through a whole series of questions and cross-questions, as to how much or how little I on my part knew, or fancied that I ought to know, about my own affairs.

Aggravated as I was becoming by his impertinence, I feel convinced that I should have very soon proceeded to kick the fellow down the stairs of his own office, had not his partner, Mr. Wyley, happened just then to come in, who soon shut him up, and, apologising to me for such rudeness, pitched into him as he deserved.

I heard him in an under voice ask what he could mean by taking so extraordinary a line, and point out the imprudence, to say the least of it, of such behaviour towards the son of an old client of the firm.

But though Mr. Wyley did treat me like a gentleman, he could not, or would not, tell me any more than that the conditions of my grandfather's will, although no doubt legal, were strange and eccentric, but that after some consideration he thought he might be justified in so far conceding to my wish as to let me know the first, and perhaps most important, condition on which all the other to a certain degree depended, which was no less than a strict injunction that if ever I inquired into, or could be proved to have ascertained, what the main conditions were before the time specified, namely, my attaining the age of thirty-two—that I should in that case forfeit all title and claim upon the property, which would then pass on to—, in fact, the next person named, in the event of my having broken that first unfair condition; and who that next person proved to be, I will tell you in due time.

You will own that was a shutter up, and a quiet squencher to all future inquiry, and no mistake. It was, as it happened, only a piece of bare luck that I ascertained that fact, as I thus did, before I had acted upon the advice of a young lawyer friend of mine, little Bobby Sharp, of the Temple, which had been, to have gone straight to Doctors' Commons, and, having paid a shilling for reading the old gentleman's will, just satisfied myself.

I remembered afterwards that old McCraft had asked me point blank whether I had not been there, and, if so, why not? and even made some sort of offer to accompany me, or to send some one from his office to show me the way, if I were really so very anxious to ascertain and act upon the conditions of the will; and of course, as I saw afterwards, if I had thus put it into the cunning rascal's power to have proved the fact against me, I may, as it seemed, have found rather an expensive shilling's worth in reference to my expectations.

I do not remember my grandfather, and never could from any one make out much about him. Where he had lived, or when he died, I never exactly knew. From what little I could guess, he seems to have been a very queer old fellow; but whether he was under some cloud himself, or whether there was some hitch in the pedigree, which, as I do not mind in strict confidence hinting to you, is what I have sometimes suspected, there most certainly was a screw loose somewhere.

But in this digression I have been anticipating and getting ahead out of the regular course of my story, and must hark back to the time I was staying on in Paris, after the coup d'état, as I have told you, considerably bored, and yet not having the energy to make up my mind for a move. One morning, just before Christmas it was, I remember, I took up Galligani, and there, among the list of those who had lately committed matrimony, my eye caught the announcement in full and proper style of "Melchior Gories, Esq., son of the late Benjamin Gories, of Bloomsbury Square, to Caroline Emily, only daughter of the late Major Duffa."

And thus it was, you see—though it did not strike

me at the time, nor, indeed, until that interview, and limited though very important information which I elicited from the lawyers, which, though I described to you, did not, you understand, take place until many months after, when I turned up in England—thus it came about, I say, that the wretch Gorles again, of all people in the world, by marrying my nearest relation, as she certainly was—though unacknowledged if not downright ignored by my mother—became my next heir-at-law, having his own uncle, who had, of course, concocted the marriage, in the position of family solicitor to myself, as well as acting executor to my grandfather's strange will, with a direct interest in watching and trying to catch me tripping in the fulfilment of, for all I know, some impossible conditions, with which I am not even allowed to become acquainted.

How Gorles had managed to get out of the scrape we left him in that morning in the prison of the Maze I never exactly know; but he must have gone straight over to London to carry out his precious uncle's scheme. Taraxacum had, as I think I have already told you, hit the right nail on the head; but I had so much to think of that I had forgotten it, and was for the moment taken by surprise.

I made no remark on the subject, however, to my relatives; but in the course of that evening I heard my aunt chattering about it, with many comments and wonderments.

"Do you want 'Galignani' any more?" I heard her inquire of the colonel; "for if not, I should so like to send it on by post to Katie, with a cross marked against that Gorles' marriage. I am sure it will amuse and interest her, as she always likes to see when any of her old friends or people she has known about go and get born, or are dead or married."

All right, thought I to myself, I will watch for that interesting newspaper when it goes downstairs to the post-box, and find out Katie's whereabouts by that direction. I had, I must tell you, by my private observations, already made pretty sure that the young lady was not staying on where she had been at Genoa, by something my aunt had let slip one day when she did not perceive or had forgotten my presence, and then by the bungling way in which she tried to contradict herself, confirmed me as to the correctness of at least so much of the information, at which I had been in vain trying to arrive.

I had more than once offered to post my aunt's letters for her, but without any further reward for my politeness than her thanks, and sometimes having had the privilege of prepaying them out of my own pocket, not having thought it worth while to remind the old lady, when oblivious as she sometimes was, of such a trifle.

It seems now really almost too stupid to confess that at the time it never once struck me that the thick and constant double letters which I thus posted addressed to:

"La Signorina Araminta Blobb,
"La Cara Volpiani,

"131, Lung Arno, Pisa,"

might possibly contain enclosures to Katie, to whom I knew my aunt was quite as much attached as to her own child, and therefore had wondered all the more at her having, as far as I could ascertain, entirely suspended all correspondence with her. It was only when having caught a glimpse of that interesting "Galignani," directed to the same Signorina Blobb, that the very fact dawned upon me that *mi bella* Katie might have been left in the care of a governess or some respectable spinster of that unromantic name. And so for once in a way I felt that Gorles, having become my kinsman, had indirectly done me what I considered a good turn. But we shall see.

(To be Continued.)

JAPANESE FANS.

Out of the several trades of Japan that have been developed since the opening up that empire to the western hemisphere, few, if any, appear to have extended more rapidly or largely than that in fans. In the olden times, it is said, the sale of these articles seldom exceeded 10,000 a year for the whole country, but the year before last nearly 3,000,000 were exported from Hiogo and Osaka, besides upwards of 800,000 ordered for the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. The value of these fans was about 140,000 dollars. They were all those in Japan known as "Ogi," or folding fans, the kind which is almost exclusively exported, and their destination was, with few exceptions, the United States, where there is a

very much greater demand for them than in England or any other country.

Osaka is the great depot for the manufacture of the *ogi*, all the descriptions of the bamboo kind being made there; whilst the figures, hieroglyphics, and such like ornamentation are executed at Kiyoto, where the superior fans, called "uchiwa," which are extensively used by the better classes of Japanese, children, and others, are manufactured. A short account of the manufacture may be interesting. The processes of making *ogi* are distributed amongst a large number of people, many of whom work in their own houses. For instance, the bamboo ribs of the fans are made by private persons at home, and the handles are afterwards executed by the finishing workmen, who combine the various notches cut in the lower parts of the ribs according to patterns prepared by an official styled the designer. This authority is the most important person in the staff of employees. He issues to the engravers the patterns he considers will be most saleable in the coming season, and it rests with him, when the blocks have been cut, to choose the colours that shall be used for each part of the design and the different sheets to be placed on opposite sides of the fan.

These sheets having been given over with the ribs to a workman, his first duty is to fold them so that when the fan is formed they will retain the proper crease. For this purpose they are folded up between two creased pieces of heavily oiled paper, and pressed for a certain time, when they are taken out and packed up in their folds for at least twenty-four hours. Next the ribs are set in their places on one of the sheets, which has been spread out on a block and pasted; a dash of paste is given to the wood-work to make it adhesive, and then the other sheet laid on. These parts having been allowed to dry, the pieces, including the outer covering, are rivetted together, some varnish is applied, and the fan is finished. The outside pieces are lacquered, and their preparation, as well as all the fancy work with which the fans are beautified, is carried out in Osaka and Kiyoto, where very artistic designs in gold lacquer on bone are sometimes produced.

But there is not, it seems, sufficient demand to encourage the manufacture of any large amount of first class work. Indeed, the fans of this district, though very good, and, as the extent to which they are exported shows, much appreciated beyond Japan, are neither the choicest in design, the neatest in style, nor the most expensive, being surpassed in all these respects by the Tokio fans. They are, however, better and more durable than those made at Nagoya, which are cheaper, and on that account, perhaps, are commonly used by the Japanese themselves, cheapness being, no doubt, a consideration in a country where a fan is as necessary an article of dress as a pocket handkerchief is here, and is exposed to no small amount of wear and tear. But Tokio, though mentioned above as producing better fans than Osaka, also turns out inferior ones of the "uchiwa" description, and these are made, too, at Fushimi.

The account given above of the mode of making fans shows that there is nothing very abstruse in the art; dexterity and neatness of hand seems the principal qualifications for a good workman. But it is wonderful to think of more paper standing all the handling, creasing, folding and unfolding, and pressing, that is involved in fabricating a single fan. Native paper alone can endure the ordeal; foreign paper has been tried, and proved unsuitable for the work, but it has been found possible, with great care, to make fans with printed patterns sent from America, Japanese paper being invariably used for one of the faces. It is complained that the quality of the native article has deteriorated with the increasing demand, so that the paper now used is not nearly so good as that of which the old fans were formed, and consequently the method of manufacture has had to be changed. It used to be the plan to stick the paper faces of the fan together, and then run in the ribs, which were pointed; but now the ribs are square, and are fastened into their places with paste in the manner already described.

The prices of fans appear to have gone up since foreigners have been admitted into Japan, but even so they are not very expensive luxuries. Ten and fifteen dollars are specified as high figures given for fans specially made to order; but the ordinary range of prices is much lower. It may be imagined that some of those made for foreigners were costly, as they are described as having been ornamented with flags, pictures of the Exhibition, advertisements, and various eccentric devices beyond the powers of the ordinary native designers, whose talents were in such rare cases only exercised in the choice of colours. Thus, the office of the Japanese designer has of late been somewhat shorn of its importance, but it may be ex-

pected that the native powers of imitation will in time assert themselves, and his prestige be re-established.

THE FORREST HOUSE; OR, EVERARD'S REPENTANCE.

CHAPTER XV.

TWO MONTHS.

"Did you come up here to see that girl off?" was said in Everard's ear, in a voice and tone he knew so well, just as he left the station, and turning suddenly, he saw his father standing close to him, with an unmistakable look of displeasure on his face.

The judge was taking his morning stroll, and had sauntered to the station just in time to see the long curls he remembered so well float out of the window, and to see the fluttering of the handkerchief Josephine was waving at his son.

"Yes, father, I came to see her off. There was no one else to do it and I know her so well; her mother was very kind to me."

"Umph! I've no doubt of it. Such people always are kind to young men like you," the judge said, contemptuously; "but I won't have it; I tell you, I won't. That girl is just as full of tricks as she can hold, and is never so happy as when she has twenty or more fools dangling after her. She will marry the one with the most money, of course, but it must not be you; remember that. I believe I'd turn you out of doors."

Just then they met one of the professors, and that changed the conversation, which did not particularly tend to raise Everard's spirits, as he went to the house where Beatrice and Rosamond were stopping. Still he felt a great burden lifted when he remembered that of her own free will Josephine had decided that their secret must be kept for a while longer, and something of his own self came back to him as he thought of months, if not a whole year of freedom, with Beatrice and Rosamond at the old home in Rothsay.

They were going from college to Brighton, thence to Hastings, Ramsgate, Scarborough, and the Isle of Wight, and they were to leave the next morning for Brighton by the early train. That day was given to driving about the college and its vicinity, and to a grand dinner party made for the judge by one of the magnates of the town.

Here Beatrice had to show herself in all the glamour of full dinner toilet, and never had she looked better than she did in her rich silk of two shades, chocolate and cream, with the heavy fringe of chenille, and her ornaments of pink coral, which she bought in Naples.

Rosamond, too, was very pretty in white, with her rippling hair, which had grown out again more luxuriant than ever, brushed back from her forehead, and falling on her neck. But Everard thought of her as a child, a little girl, though she was past fifteen.

Beatrice, with her piquancy, and brightness, and dash, dazzled and bewildered him, and his manner towards her was satisfactory to his father, who had never been so kind and considerate as he was during that pleasure trip, which lasted so long that the travellers came at last one lovely August day to Rothsay, where Beatrice went, rather unwillingly, to her own elegant but lonely home, and the Forrests to their house upon the hill overlooking the lovely river.

* * * * *

Of the every-day lives of the three young people, Beatrice, Everard, and Rosamond, I wish to write a few pages before hurrying on to the tragedy which cast so dark a shadow over them all. But there was no sign of the storm now in the rose-tinted sky, and neither Everard nor Beatrice ever forgot that bright summer and autumn when almost every day the latter drove her ponies, or galloped on horseback, or sauntered leisurely on foot up to the house on the hill where the doors were always opened wide to welcome her, and where the judge received her as if she had really been the daughter he confidently hoped she would be.

Ostensibly Bee came to look a little after Rosamond and her French, and to see that she gave the right time and expression to her music, but somehow it often came about that Rosamond spent hours

weeding her flower-beds, feeding her chickens, petting her cats, of which she had eight, and playing with the dogs, while the piano was unopened, the French grammar untouched, and Beatrice and Everard sat on some one of the broad piazzas or in the summer house.

She, with the mischief lurking in her brown eyes, toned and softened down a little, and on her face the same kind of expression which had been there in her earlier girlhood, when in the grand old Highgate woods, she walked with the Focjee missionary and wondered why it was that she felt so shy of him and could not fairly and squarely meet the glance of his eyes without a feeling of consciousness she could not understand.

He, happy, satisfied, and content, with no thought as to where or into what whirlpool of mortification and disappointment the bright, light-hearted girl at his side might be drifting. He knew the bar between them—knew that so long as that bar existed no other love must intervene, and so, though he enjoyed to the full the dash, and sparkle, and freshness which were so much a part of Bee Belknap, he was conscious of no deeper feeling for her than he felt for Rossie when she came up in her garden hat and gloves and nestling close to him and Bee, just as her kitten nestled in her lap, laid her brown little hands sometimes on his and sometimes on Beatrice with the freedom of a child.

Neither the touch of Rossie's hands, nor the soft light deepening so fast in Beatrice's eyes and showing itself upon her face, moved him as men are moved by pretty women and winsome ways. "I pronounce you man and wife," was always in his ears, and another face than that of Beatrice always in his mind.

He was bound fast, with no hope of ever being free, but here in Rothsay, miles and miles away from the chain which bound him, it did not hurt so much or seem quite so hard to bear.

Josephine was not very troublesome; in fact, she had written to him twice and then she did not ask for money, but seemed quite as anxious as himself that their secret should be kept from his father until some way was found to reconcile him to it.

Possibly her reticence on the subject of money arose from the fact that he sent her twenty pounds in his first letter written after his return to Rothsay. This large sum he had got together by the interest on a few shares of railroad stock which a relative had left to him as her godson.

This stock for a time had been good for nothing, but recently it had risen in value, so that a dividend had been declared, and Everard had sent the first proceeds to Josephine, who acknowledged the gift prettily, and called him a dear, generous darling whom she kissed in fancy many times.

The fancied kisses did not move or affect Everard in the least. The boyish love was dead, and he did not try to resuscitate it, or build another love where that had been: he was content with the present as it was.

His father, who was very kind to him and seemed trying to make amends for his former severity and harshness, had said he was not to enter the office to study until October.

Looking in his boy's face, he had seen something which he mistook for weariness, and too close application to books, and he said: "You do not seem quite well. Your mother's family were not strong, so rest till October. Have a good time with Rossie and Bee, and you will be better fitted to bone down to work when the time for it comes."

This was a great deal for Judge Forrest to say, but he felt very indulgent towards his son, who had graduated with so much honour, and who seemed to be wholly upright and steady; in a fit of wonderful generosity he went so far as to present him with a fine chestnut, as a fitting match to Beatrice's fleet riding horse.

This was just what Everard wanted, and he and Miss Belknap rode miles and miles together over the fine roads and through the beautiful country in the vicinity of Rothsay.

Rosmond sometimes accompanied them, but she was not fond of riding, and old Bottail, the gray mare, sent her up so high, and seemed so out of place beside Bee's shining black pony, and Everard's white-faced chestnut, that she preferred remaining at home, and so the two were left to themselves, and people talked wisely of what was to be, and hinted it to Rosmond, who never contradicted them, but by her manner gave credence to the story.

She believed implicitly that Beatrice was coming to be mistress of the Forrest House, and was very happy in the prospect, for next to Mr. Everard she liked Bee Belknap better than any person in the world.

Many were the castles she built of the life to be, when Everard brought his bride home. Since Mrs. Forrest's death so many rooms had been shut up, and the house had seemed so lonely and almost

dreary, especially in the winter, but with Bee, and her love of elegance and luxury there, all would be changed, and Rossie even indulged in the hope that possibly the furniture in her own little room might be replaced by better, or at least added to.

What Bee herself thought nobody knew, for she kept her own counsel, and laughed, and joked, and flirted, and made fun of every man in town, Everard included, but still she was changed, and there was something in her eyes and on her face which made her more beautiful than she had ever been.

The judge, too, watched matters with an immense amount of satisfaction. Years ago he had settled it that Everard would marry Bee, and he was sure of it now. That girl with the yellow hair, as he always called Josephine to himself, was not anything to his son, as by some intuition he had once feared she might be.

Everard could never stoop to her. Everard would marry Bee, and it might as well take place at once. He himself had waited too long, though had he married earlier he would not have had his Mary, whose memory now was the sweetest thing in his life.

But Everard's Mary was there at hand; there was no need to wait, and just as soon as his son was established in the office he meant to speak to him, and if it were not already settled it should be at once, and Christmas was the time fixed in his own mind as a fitting season for the bridal festivities.

He would fill the house with guests all through the holidays, and when they were gone the young couple might journey as far as Scarborough, if they liked.

Then in the spring Bee could sit up the south side of the house as expensively as she chose, and Rossie should have the large corner room next his own on the north side, thus leaving the newly-married pair as much to themselves as possible.

And so the wires were being laid, and Everard stepped over and around them all unconsciously, and took the goods the gods provided for him, whether in the shape of Beatrice, or Rosmond, or his father's uniform kindness toward him; and the September days went by, and October came and found him a student at last in his father's office, where he bent every energy to mastering the law and gaining his profession.

There were no more long rides with Beatrice, and his chestnut chafed and fretted and grew unmanageable for want of exercise. There were no more strolls in the leafy woods with Rossie, who gathered the nuts, and ferns, and grasses alone, and rarely had Everard's society except at meal times, when she managed to poast him with regard to all the details of her quiet every-day life.

She was reading Chateaubriand's "Atala" in French, and found it rather stupid; or she was learning a new piece of music she knew she would like; or old Blue had six brand new kittens in his trunk up in the garret, and she wished him to go and see them.

Everard was always interested in what interested Rosmond, and on no one did his glance rest so kindly as on this little old-fashioned girl, in whom there really seemed to be no guile.

Especially was he interested in her large family of cats, and had in times past rescued more than one of them from a bath in the river where the stable-boy was taking it, and so he went with her to see the six kittens in his old trunk, with Blue, their mother, in their midst, purring her content, and after admiring them sufficiently, and suggesting that they might be improved by cutting their tails off just behind their ears, went back to his books and forgot everything in his eagerness to advance.

It was his plan to get his profession as soon as possible, and then, taking Josephine, go to some new place, where he could come up with the town, and perhaps be comparatively independent and happy. But his future had been ordered otherwise, and suddenly, without a note of warning, his house of cards came down, and buried him in its ruins.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE HOUSE OF CARDS BEGINS TO FALL.

EVERARD had been in his father's office five weeks or more when, on a rainy morning early in November, just as he was settling himself to his books, and congratulating himself upon the luxury of a quiet day, his father came in, and after looking over the paper, answering one or two letters, and poking the fire vigorously, seated himself opposite his son, and began:

"Everard, put down your books; I want to talk with you."

"Yes, sir," Everard replied, closing the book and

facing his father with an unaccountable dread that something unpleasant was coming.

"It's never my way to beat round the bush," the judge began; "I come to the point at once, and so I want to know if you and Bee have settled it yet?"

"Settled it! Settled what?" Everard asked, and his father replied:

"Don't be an idiot and put on girlish airs. Marrying is as much a matter of business as anything else, and we may discuss it just the same. You don't suppose me in my dotage, that I have not seen what is in everybody's month. Your devotion to Beatrice and her readiness to receive it—wait till I'm through," he continued, authoritatively, as he saw Everard about to speak. "I like the girl; always have liked her, though she is a wild saucy thing, but that will correct itself in time. Your mother believed in her fully, and she knew what was in women. She hoped you would marry Bee some day. I have always hoped so too, and now I am sure of it, and what I wished to say is this: You may think you must wait till you get your profession, but there is no need for that at all. You are twenty-two; Bee is twenty-three, and time she was married, though she does not look her age; never should take her for over twenty. You look her senior now. You have matured wonderfully the last two years, and I may say improved, too; time was when I could hardly speak peaceably of you for the scraps you were eternally getting into, but you dropped all that after your poor mother died. I was proud of you at commencement. I am proud of you now, and I want you to marry at once. The house needs a mistress; Rossie needs some person there besides the servants, and I have fixed upon Christmas as the proper time for the wedding, so if you have not settled it with Bee, do so at once."

"But, father," Everard gasped, with a face as white as snow, "it is impossible that I should marry Beatrice. I have never for a moment considered such a thing."

"The deuce you haven't," the judge exclaimed, beginning to get angry. "Pray let me ask you why you have been racing and chasing after her ever since you came home, if you never considered the thing as you say? Others have considered it, if you have not. Everybody thinks you are to marry her, and, by George, I won't have her compromised. No, I won't. She could sue you for breach of promise, and recover, too, with all this dancing, and prancing, and scurrying round the country. If you have not thought of it, you must think of it now. You surely like the girl."

He stopped to take breath, and Everard answered him:

"Yes, father, I like her very much, but not in that way—not as a wife, and I never can. It is impossible."

"Why impossible? What do you mean?" the judge said, loudly and angrily. "Is there somebody else? Is it that yellow-haired hussy who made those eyes at me, because, if it is, by Jove, you are no son of mine, and you may as well understand it first as last. I'll never sanction that never! Why don't you answer me, and not stare at me so like an idiot? Do you like that woman better than Beatrice? Do you think her a fitter wife for you and companion for Rosmond?"

Everard had never opened his lips to tell the whole truth, but what his father said of Josephine sealed them tight; how could he declare it then and there, and face the consequences? He could not, but he could answer his father's last questions, and he did, and said:

"No, father, I do not think her a fitter companion for Rossie than Beatrice, and I do not like her better."

"Then what on earth is in the way?" the judge asked, slightly appeased. "Have you any fears of Bee's saying no? I can assure you there. I know she won't. I am as certain of it as that I am living now."

Suddenly there shot across Everard's mind a way of escape from the difficulty, a chance for a longer respite, and he said:

"If I were to ask Bee to marry me and she refused would you be satisfied?"

"With you? Yes, but I tell you she won't refuse. I know it, and don't you ask her unless you intend to stick to it like a man," the judge replied, as he rose to end the conference.

"I shall ask her, and to-night," was Everard's low-spoken answer, which reached his father's ears, and sent him straight to Elm Park.

Always outspoken the judge plucked at once into the object of his call, and told the lady in plain terms what his wife's wishes in regard to her had been and what his wishes were, too. He did not tell her that Everard was coming to plead his own cause, or that a word had ever passed between him-

self and his son upon the subject. He thought better not to do that lest she should suspect that there was some coercion in the matter, but he told her what he himself desired, and what Rosamond desired, and what he hoped she too was not averse to.

Beatrice was wholly taken by surprise. At first she fancied the old judge might be proposing for her himself, but when she found it was for his son he was speaking, a faint flush of half pleasure, half indignation suffused her face, and turning upon him, she said:

"Do I understand that Everard has sent you here to say all this to me? I thought young men usually spoke for themselves in this country."

He saw he had blundered somehow, and tried to explain that he had reason to believe his son was coming.

"Yes, I am sure he is from some things I hear—some things which have come under my observation," he said. "And I was so anxious that he should be successful—that I came first, without his knowledge at all, and I begin to think I have made a mess of it; but don't blame the boy; he is not in fault. I only want to tell you I am more than willing that you should be my daughter. I desire it greatly. I hope you understand me."

She did understand him, and half mechanically thanked him for his interest in her, but treated the whole thing as impossible. Everard never could think of her so different from him, and his senior too. Rosamond was more suitable for him; he had better by far wait for her, she said; but in her heart there was something which pleaded strongly for the young man, should he come to speak for himself, and the judge detected it, and felt sure that all was safe, even if he had made a horrid mess of it, as he kept assuring himself he had.

He was very gracious to Everard at dinner, and paid him the compliment of consulting him on some business matter, but Everard was too much preoccupied to heed what he was saying, and declining the dessert excused himself from the table and went to his own room.

Never since his ill-starred marriage had he felt so troubled and perplexed as now, when the fruit of his wrong-doing was staring him so broadly in the face. That his father would never leave him in peace until he proposed to Beatrice, he knew, and unless he confessed everything to his father, and threw himself upon his mercy, there was but one course left him to pursue.

Tell Beatrice the whole story, without the slightest prevarication, and then go through the farce of offering himself to her, who must, of course, refuse. This refusal he could report to his father, who would not blame him, and so a longer probation would come to himself.

In his excitement he did not stop to consider what a cowardly thing it was to throw the responsibility upon a girl, and make her bear the burden for him. To do him justice, however, we must say that had he for a moment supposed Beatrice cared for him as his father believed she did, he would never have gone to insult her with an offer she could not accept.

But he did not. He and Bee were friends, dear friends, and nothing more, he kept assuring himself, when at last he rode slowly down the road in the direction of the Bine.

Beatrice was at home and half expecting him, and that, perhaps, accounted for the elegant simplicity of her dress.

She had somehow divined his growing dislike to anything like overdress of any kind, and she wore now a rich heavy black silk, relieved only by pink coral pin and earrings, and dainty lace ruffles at her throat and wrists.

There was a white tea-rose in her hair, and in her eyes, so usually full of mischief and fun, there was a soft, subdued expression, which made her very beautiful and attractive as she went forward to receive her visitor, and told him she was glad to see him.

He knew she was beautiful and sweet, and all that was lovely and desirable in womanhood, but she was not for him. She nor any one like her could ever be his wife. He had made that impossible; had by his own act put such as she was far out of his reach.

When he saw her standing there under the chandelier, so graceful and lady-like, and heard the well-bred tones of her voice, and remembered how pure and good she was, I do not say that no thought or feeling stirred within him, as to what might have been but for that fatal night of two years and more ago.

If that night had never been, if there was no Josephine in the way, he might in time have come to say in earnest to this true, spotless girl, what was now but a cruel jest, if she cared for him.

And she did care, more than she knew herself, for

the handsome, dignified young man, who latterly had grown beyond her in everything, even to years, if the seeming were taken into account.

The Feeje missionary, whose name she saw so often in the papers, and who had recently been removed to a more eligible field, was scarcely remembered now, except when she opened the little mother-of-pearl box where was a lock of light brown hair, and a badly taken photograph of a young, clerical-looking man with a collar so high and so sharp that his ears seemed in danger of amputation, and a faded pond lily, given the day she told him no, and with his kiss, the first and last, upon her forehead, sent him away to the girl among the hills, with the glasses and the brown alpaca dress.

Now it was November, and the misty night was over all, and only hot-house flowers diffused their odour through the room, but somehow their perfume took the girl back to the summer of long ago, and there came to her a soft gentleness of manner, and a feeling that she would not a second time throw away a happiness if it were offered to her.

Something told her that Everard had come to speak for himself, and though she played with him for a while, and kept him away from the goal to which she felt sure he was approaching, she let him reach it at last, or rather he reached it in spite of her, leaped suddenly to it in fact, and began, impulsively:

"Beatrice, I have come to say something serious to you to-night, and I want you to stop jesting and be as much in earnest as I am, for I—I am terribly in earnest for once in my life. Bee—I feel as if I were going to be hung and do the deed myself."

It was a curious way of beginning to make love, and Bee could no more help laughing merrily, than she could have helped her breathing. But the laugh hurt Everard, whose face was white as marble now and whose voice shook as he continued:

"Bee, I am going to tell you something—going to ask you something—going to ask you to be my wife, but you must refuse."

It was an odd way of putting it, and not at all what Everard had intended to do. He meant to tell her first and offer himself afterward as a mere form, but in his agitation and excitement he had just reversed it,—had told her he was there to ask her to marry him, and she must tell him no! There had been a sudden kindling in Bee's eyes and an adieu flash in her cheek, but that passed quickly away, and a look of scorn sprang to her eyes as she drew back from him and said: "You presume too much on my good-nature, when you tell me in one instant that you propose asking me to be your wife, and next that I must refuse you if you do. What reason have you to think I would accept you, pray?"

He knew she was indignant and justly so, and he answered her with such a pleading pathos in his voice as disarmed her at once of her wrath.

"Don't be angry with me, Bee. I have commenced all wrong. I believe my mind is not quite straight. I did not come to insult you. I came because I must come. I want you for a friend, such as I have not in all the world. I want your advice and sympathy. I want—oh, I am the most wretched person living."

And he seated himself upon the sofa, and sat with his face buried in his hands, while Beatrice stood looking at him a moment; then, going forward, she laid her hand softly on his head and said: "What is it, Everard? What is it you wish to tell me, and why must I refuse you?"

At the last words Everard looked quickly up into the truthful eyes confronting him, and as he looked there dawned upon him a sudden revelation, which caused him to exclaim, involuntarily:

"Oh, Bee, you make me wish I were dead. Sit down beside me, and listen to all I have to tell."

She sat down beside him, while her Maltese kitten crept up to her shoulder and nestled purring there, and with one hand she fondled and petted that, while the other lay motionless in her lap as she heard the story which Everard told her in full, confessing nothing where he was concerned, but shielding Josephine as far as was possible.

Rosamond's noble sacrifice of her hair was explained, and her mistake about Joe Fleming, who, in her imagination, still existed somewhere in whiskers and tall boots, and was the evil genius of Everard's life.

Here Beatrice laughed—a real, merry laugh like herself. It was the first sound she had uttered through the telling of the story, and it loosened the bond she had felt tightening around her heart and almost stopping her breath.

She could talk now; the first bitter pang was over, and she questioned Everard rapidly with regard to every particular of his marriage, and the family, and the girl. Where was she now, and what was she like?

"You have seen the picture, Bee," he said. "I

showed it to you once two years ago in the garden, that day I broke my head, and you said she looked as if she might wear cotton lace, while mother, to whom I showed it, too, hinted at cheap jewellery, and Rosalie said she looked as if she were a sham."

Here Everard laughed himself, but there was more bitterness than mirth in it, and Beatrice laughed, too, as she said:

"That was rather hard—cotton lace, cheap jewellery, and a sham, though, after all, Rosalie's criticism was really of the most consequence, if true; perhaps it is not. Have you her picture now?"

He passed it to her, and with a shrewd woman's intuition, quickened by actual knowledge, Beatrice felt that all was true, and pitied him so much that for the time she quite forgot the little wrench there had been in her heart and to her pride when the hope which had been springing there was suddenly torn up by the roots. What was her pain to her? Nothing worth the name, she said to herself, and her first womanly instinct was to help and comfort this man who had brought his secret to her.

"Ned," she said to him, and the name, now so seldom used, took her back to the days when she first came from France and played and quarrelled with him. It made her sister again, and as such she spoke. "Ned, I am so sorry for you; sorrier than I can express, and I want to help you some way, and I think it must be through Josephine. She is your wife, and by your own showing you were quite as much in fault as she."

"Yes, quite," and Everard shivered a little, for he guessed what was coming.

"Well, then," Beatrice went on, "ought you not to make the best of it? You took her for better or worse, knowing what you were doing. You loved her then. Can you not do so again? Is it not your duty to try?"

"Oh, Bee, you do not know, you do not understand. She is not like you, nor Rosalie, nor mother."

"Well, try to make her like us, then," Beatrice replied, and her own voice trembled a little. "If her surroundings are not such as please you, remove her from them at once. Recognise her as your wife. Bring her home to Forrest House and I will stand her friend to the death."

Bee was doing splendidly, and Everard knew it, and felt her nobleness of character as he never had felt it before. She would stand by Josephine to the death.

Even with that stab in her heart, of which he had caught a passing glimpse, and Bee's influence was worth more than that of the whole town. Oh, if he could have felt any love or even desire for Josephine, it would have seemed easy to acknowledge his marriage, with Bee's hopeful words in his ear, and Bee's strong nature to back him, but, alas, he did not.

He had no love, no desire for her; he was happier away from her—happier to live his present life with Beatrice and Rosalie, and besides that, he could not bring her home: his father would never permit that, and would probably turn him from the door if he knew of the alliance.

This Bee did not know, but he told her of the great aversion his father conceived for the girl whom he had that very day stigmatised as a yellow-haired hussy.

"And after that, do you think I can tell him?" he asked.

"It will be hard, I know," Beatrice replied, "but it seems your only course, if he insists upon your marrying me."

"But if I tell him you refused me, it may make a difference, and things can go on as they are until I get my profession."

Everard pleaded with a shrieking which he knew was cowardly from all which the telling his father might involve.

"Even then you are putting off the evil day, and a thing concealed grows bigger and bigger as time goes on," Bee said. "You must confess it some time, and why not do it now and know the worst there is to know. At the most your father can but turn you from his door, and if he does that take your wife and go somewhere else and begin the world anew. You are young, and the world is all before you, and if there is any true womanhood in Josephine, and I am sure there is, it will assert itself when she knows all you have lost for her. She will grow to your standard; she must. She has a sweet, childish face, and must have a loving, affectionate nature. Give her a chance, Everard, to show what she is."

(To be Continued.)



[THE RECOGNITION.]

CINDERELLA'S SLIPPER.

"A BALL, Dell! A real, fashionable ball! Oh, it is glorious! Why, we were never at a ball in all our lives."

"I know it," responds Dell, rising on her elbow, and pushing back her abundant, red-gold tresses, "Who says it is to be a ball?"

"Why, Aunt Vavasour says so! Didn't you hear her letter? Listen to what she says."

"MY DEAR GIRLS,—I want you at Oaklands before the fifteenth. The sooner you come the better, and come prepared for a week's visit. Come well-dressed, too, my dears. My step-son, Arthur, is coming home, and I purpose giving a grand ball."

"Arthur?" cries Dell, her cheek flushing.

"Ah, what an elegant creature his five years abroad must have made him! I say, Jo, what a pity it is we can't go."

Jo stares at her sister, with two blazing, black eyes.

"Can't go? Are you an idiot, Dell? Why, I wouldn't miss it for the round world! Of course, we shall go."

"Shall we?" laughs Dell. "You forget. 'Come well-dressed,' says Aunt Vavasour. That settles the question. We can't go well-dressed; hence we stay at home."

Jo's blazing eyes darken; her pretty, even teeth glitter betwix her cherry lips; she clenches her brown, slender hand.

"I am going, Dell. I'll have the right sort of outfit, somehow. I should break my heart and die, if I missed it. Think how we've moped in this horrid old house all winter. Oh! I'm sick as death of the endless days!—the scrimping, and pinching,

and economising—the hateful work that must be done! The prospect of a change is bliss. Once at Oaklands, Aunt Vavasour may have the grace to invite us to prolong our stay indefinitely. Better still, one may win the heir of Oaklands for one's husband. It will go hard with me if I don't."

Dell yawns lazily, but a little flash lights her blue-grey eyes.

"What a simpleton you are, to be sure, Jo. Is it quite likely that Arthur Vavasour, having had his choice of European beauties, will come home to fall in love with your gipsy face?"

"Stranger things happen, Dell. Maybe you fancy that your milk-and-water charms may hold him?"

"I've no fancies about it. Aunt Vavasour's ball is the subject in hand, not her step-son's matrimonial prospects. I can't see how we can go to Oaklands. There isn't a day to lose, and we haven't a shilling to spend. We shall have to give it up. Aunt Vavasour might have sent us some money, as well as an invitation. She has thousands lying idle; but the rich are always penurious. There's no help for it, as it is, but to give it up."

"No, never!" cries Jo, excitedly. "We must manage it somehow. Let's see. We've nice cashmere for ordinary wear, and there's that pretty, dark-blue silk of poor mamma's. I'll make that over."

"You? Now, what would you look like in blue? I shall make it over, and trim it up with the old lace, and wear the old pearls for ornaments. I shall look like Mother Eve, but it can't be helped."

Jo regards her fair, elder sister with indignant, tear-filled eyes.

"And what shall I do? It is like you, Dell. You always claim for yourself whatever is best, whether to wear or to eat. You are utterly selfish."

"You would do the same thing, if I'd let you,"

laughs Dell. "It will be better for one of us to go, at least."

"Oh, you cruel, heartless, selfish creature!" And poor Jo actually begins to cry. "Would you leave me at home, and go off tricked out in what little finery there is? But I won't stand it; I'll go, too. Minnie will help me. I say, Min, Min, run here!"

A door opens, and from the culinary regions emerges a small, trim figure, clad in russet brown; fair, round arms, bared to the elbow; tender, brown eyes, lighting a dimpled, childish face.

"Min," cries Jo, "there's a letter from Aunt Vavasour, and Arthur is coming home; and there's to be a grand ball at Oaklands, and we're to go for a week's visit."

"How nice! But I couldn't leave papa you know, girls!"

Dell laughs. "Bless your little soul, Min! no one had thought that you'd go. If Jo and I get up decent, it will be a marvel. Min, little woman, can't you help us?"

"Oh, Min!" puts in Jo, "it will break my heart if I can't go. Do let us have a little money, that's a dear child."

Min sits down, crosses her dimpled hands, and falls into sober meditation. She has only her invalid father's half-pay, he being a retired army officer, and all the heavy household expenses to defray.

"Indeed, girls," she makes answer at last, "I've barely enough to carry us through this month. I'm sorry—"

"You're always sorry, but that does no good. I can't understand what becomes of all papa's money," said Dell.

"Nor I," puts in Jo. We live poor enough, goodness knows."

Minnie's lips quiver.

"I do the best I can, girls," she answers, gently. "Papa's wine and medicines are costly. I can give you a sovereign each, if that will help, but no more."

"That won't buy our shoes and gloves. We must give it up, Jo."

Jo breaks forth into stormy weeping, and wishes herself dead.

"Oh, hush, sister, please! entreats Minnie, infinitely distressed. "I'm sure we can make up your old dresses. There's your poplin, almost new—"

"I wouldn't wear it for anything. Dell is to have the blue silk, and there's nothing else. One had better be in one's grave, than deprived of every little pleasure in life. Oh, go away, Min, if you've no money for me. Don't kiss me. I hate kisses."

Min turns, and her tender eyes light suddenly. She darts from the room. Almost instantly she is back again, a little package in her hand.

"Dear girls, I had quite forgotten it. Aunt Vavasour gave it to me, when she came last summer, to buy me a nice dress, and I've kept it ever since. I intended to get a nice, seal-brown cashmere, for church wear, but I'll make the old one do. Take it, sisters, and welcome."

"How much is there?" gasps Jo, diving for the package, but Dell gets it.

"Six pounds, and you must divide it between you—Dell three and Jo three. I must run. I'm afraid my pies are burned up."

The little housekeeper hurries back to the kitchen; and bickering and grumbling as they go, her two sisters make themselves ready, and start for the village, to lay out their money.

The short, wintry-days go by, and at last the fussing, and cutting, and trimming, is well over. Dell and Jo pack their outfit in the old-fashioned leather trunk, and Squire Headly's carriage comes to take them across the country to Oaklands.

It is high noon, of a bright December day.

"You have said good-bye to papa, girls?" asks Minnie, following them as they run down the portico steps.

"Dear me, no! I forgot. You can do it for me, Min. I can't turn back now. Good-bye; and send me a little money as soon as you draw the quarterly allowance."

"Yes, Dell. Good-bye."

Dell hurries on and into the waiting carriage. Jo follows. Minnie stands in the sunshine, looking after them, her wistful eyes a trifle sad.

"Good-bye, dear girls! and here's good luck."

And she takes a small, half-worn slipper from her foot, and sends it flying after the carriage as it rolls away.

"Minnie, Minnie!" calls a voice from within.

Her father's voice, and the girl flies, not even waiting to replace her slipper. It lies on the edge of the country road, that runs by the old-fashioned house, and a traveller, jogging slowly along on a jaded horse, having witnessed the parting scene,

draws rein, and leaning over his saddle-bow, lifts the little shoe on the tip of his whip-handle.

"It must be Cinderella's slipper," he says, a smile lighting his handsome eyes. "I think I'll keep it." He puts it in his breast-pocket, and jogs on again; and when Min returns for her slipper, it cannot be found.

Aunt Vavasour's ball is over, and, to their extreme delight, Dell and Jo have been invited to spend the winter at Oaklands.

"You are shockingly shabby, girls," says their aunt, when they have accepted her invitation with profuse thanks. "I suppose I must brighten you up a little. If to-morrow's a fine day, we'll drive into town and purchase all you need. You are pretty girls, both of you, in your way, and I intend you shall have a chance. Now, if you manage your cards well, you may secure a home and a husband apiece, before the season ends."

The girls go to bed in a transport, and actually embrace each other in the first outburst of their joy; but they end by quarrelling fiercely over the young heir.

Jo is sure he has eyes for no one but herself, and declares herself hopelessly in love with him, and Dell laughs her scorn in a way that would have angered a saint.

Meanwhile, one sunny morning, Arthur Vavasour orders his best horse, and cansters off across the frosty country.

"I think the little shoe has bewitched me," he says. "I must see its owner."

On he goes, until the wintry sun hangs low in the west. At last he draws rein before the old, decayed mansion-house, the last remnant of the once vast Leighton property.

Minnie is in the yard, a scarlet scarf wound about her brown head, feeding her poultry.

"Yes, Colonel Leighton lives here. Will you dismount, sir?"

Arthur leaps from his saddle, and approaches her, with extended hand, and smiling eyes.

"You've forgotten me, I see. Yet we were friends and playmates once. I am Arthur Vavasour."

Minnie utters a little cry of surprised delight.

"Oh, papa will be so glad. He speaks of you so often."

"And you, Minnie? Are you glad to see me?"

"Of course I am."

They go in, and up to the invalid officer's sitting room, kept bright and tasteful by Minnie's deft hands. And the three have tea together, and the master of Oaklands, hungry from his long ride, eats the crisp cakes, and brown chicken of Minnie's cooking, and watches her, as she flutters about like a graceful, busy little bird, and forthwith falls in love with her.

"She's worth a hundred of those two dressy, ill-tempered sisters, at Oaklands; and if she'll agree, I'll make her my wife."

He thinks this on the second, and last night of his visit, sitting by the parlour hearth, after the Colonel has gone to bed; and putting his hand in his bosom, he draws forth the little slipper.

"Minnie," he says, "I've got Cinderella's slipper here. Look at it."

Minnie looks up from her needle-work, and cries out:

"Why, dear me! My poor, little slipper, lost so long! How did you come by it, Arthur? Did I throw it in the carriage, that day the girls went to Oaklands? It was kind of them to send it back to me."

"The girls didn't send it. I saw you when you threw it, Minnie, and I picked it up."

"You?"

"Yes. I was riding along the road. I have kept it ever since. Let me have it back, Minnie. I can't part with it."

Minnie lets him take it; gives him one swift, startled glance; and then lets her eyes drop, and blushes rosy red.

Arthur takes the slipper, and the little brown hand with it.

"Minnie," he says, his voice tender and tremulous, "you remember the dear, old fairy tale? Well, this is my Cinderella's slipper! Only the woman who can wear it shall be my wife, Minnie, I love you. Can you learn to care for me? One day, will you come and make my home bright?"

Minnie looks up at him, wonder in her wide, brown eyes.

"Oh! Arthur, can you mean it? I was sure you would ask Dell or Jo."

The young man laughs, as he draws her close to his side.

"Nay, little one. Neither Dell nor Jo can wear the charmed slipper. I want only you."

Minnie answers not a word; but she hides her face upon his shoulder, and sobs.

Winter goes, and the snows melt, and the hills grow green. The great oaks begin to bud in the fitful March sunshine.

Dell and Jo have had a gay visit at Oaklands. They have dressed, and danced, and flirted; but neither one of them has secured a husband. Aunt Vavasour, secretly disgusted, sends them both home.

"Back to the old life," sighs Jo, standing at the window, the next day after their return. "I declare, I'd as soon go to my grave. I wish we had never gone to Oaklands! I say, Dell, what shall we do?"

Dell, lying on the lounge, with a novel before her eyes, does not answer.

"It was cruel of Aunt Vavasour to send us home. I'm sure Arthur would have spoken, if only we could have stayed a little longer. He was fond of me, I know. Surely he'll come—Oh, my goodness, Dell! here he is now!"

Dell is up, and at the window in a trice.

Arthur Vavasour is fastening his horse to the post, in the yard below.

"Help me with my hair, Jo, for pity's sake! It is all in a frizzle; and one of us must go down at once. You know what a stupid Min is."

But Jo is arranging her own jolly braids.

"Yes, one of us must go down at once, and that one will be me. You don't supplant me in that way, Dell."

Fairly white with anger, Dell makes her toilet, lets down all her crinkling, red-gold curls, and puts on her most becoming dress. Jo arrays herself quite as speedily, and the two descend together.

The sitting-room door stands open, the yellow March sunshine flickering in golden waves over the faded carpet, and falling like a benediction on Minnie's brown head, as she stands by her lover's side.

Dell and Jo pause at the foot of the stairs, in utter amazement.

"Min!" they both gasp out.

Min blushes like a rose. Arthur Vavasour advances, a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

"How d'ye do, girls! Surprised to see me, no doubt! Well, we've kept our secret well, haven't we, Minnie? Ladies, allow me to present my betrothed bride, the future mistress of Oaklands."

The two sisters stand dumb. Minnie breaks away from Arthur, and catches a hand of each.

"Oh! dear girls, don't be angry!" she implores.

"I am not to blame. I couldn't help it, indeed! It all came of my poor little slipper!"

E. G. J.

THE TOBACCO PIPE FISH.

In the remarkable tube of fishes known to zoologists as *stetacuridæ*, the snout is greatly prolonged as in the centricidæ or spike-bearing fishes, and it bears the mouth at the end of a long tube. The body is long and snake-like, and there is no long spine to the dorsal fin. One of the most singular members of this family is the tobacco pipe fish; it is found in many parts of the tropical Atlantic. The body is without scales, and the tail fin is deeply forked, the two central rays being sometimes united and prolonged into a lengthened filament, and at other times being separate, but still elongated. The outer edge of the tube is either smooth or very slightly notched. The colour is greenish-olive, and the upper parts of the body are marked with blue streaks and spots. In some specimens of this curious race, the back takes a reddish brown hue.

In the case, *Heap v Marris*, in which the circumstances relate to an undertaking by a lady to pay a man a third of her inheritance under her father's will if she did not marry him, both of which she has refused to do, the Judges of the Divisional Court on Tuesday decided the interim point raised, namely, that the lady's pleas were prolix and embarrassing. They were of opinion that they might be essential to her defence and must be allowed.

THE Clothworkers and the Merchant Tailors' Companies have each contributed 100 guineas to the fund being raised by the Chemical Society for the Promotion of Chemical Research. A few months ago the Goldsmiths' Company presented £1,000 to the same fund.

A PROLIFIC COW.—Mr. Riddle, farmer, Skelmuir, has in his possession a cow, aged 14 years, which has produced 21 calves, having had twins nine times and single calves three times.

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW.

My name is Jonas Perth, and I always had a great dread of mothers-in-law. When I married Ann Maria Bashford, the only thing that troubled my peace of mind was, that I had a mother-in-law. To be sure, the seas rolled between us. Mrs. Bashford was in France with a married son, and was unable to come to England just then.

Maria had always lived with an aunt, and being of years of discretion, her mother sent her a lace veil and her blessing, and we were married quite as well without her presence at St. John's, one fine morning. Yes, the seas rolled between my mother-in-law and myself, but I had heard so much of them—I mean of mothers-in-law—that I was not quite easy in my mind.

When we were married, Ann Maria and I went to housekeeping. We hired one of a small row, let furnished, at a reasonable rate. They were all alike—just the same build, and exactly the same articles of furniture. Two were empty; three already occupied. We chose one of them on the advice of our landlord. He said we should have such quiet neighbours—old Mrs. Bolivar and her daughter on one side, and Mr. Briggs—an old bachelor named Briggs—on the other. They were quiet; we never saw either of them.

A figure in a large black shawl and a long black veil now and then went in or out of Mrs. Bolivar's door. We supposed it to be Mrs. Bolivar; but it might have been Miss Bolivar as well. Once in a while somebody groaned a little on the other side. Ann Maria decided that it was Mr. Briggs, who had been crossed in love, troubled by memories of the past. From the glimpses I caught of that gentleman's countenance, I concluded that he never had any love to be crossed in, and suppose he must have discovered occasionally that he had in some manner lost a few pence.

Nobody in either of the houses ever sat at the window, or stood at the door, or walked in the small garden, where the rose of Sharon grew. We had the place all to ourselves. It was very pleasant. So gradually, as Mrs. Bashford still wrote affectionate letters from France, I forgot my terrors and made myself comfortable. My mother-in-law would probably never trouble me.

Judge of my consternation, therefore, when one morning, at my place of business, I received a telegram containing these words:

"Dear mamma has come to us; hurry home."

I read it, sat down on a tall stool, and stared at vacancy. A crisis had arrived. What should I do? How attack a trouble of which I had no experience? I did not even know in what shape it would come. I could form no conception of the style of mother-in-law who awaited me—a large one with a cap, a small one with frizzettes, a fat one, like a feather-bed, a lean one, all bones?

Was she high-strung and mistress of all the long words in the language? Was she of the weeping order? Was she a wonderful housekeeper or a commanding person? What sort of a woman was my mother-in-law? She had been in France. I know a man once who had a French mother-in-law; he had suffered. Being doctored with soup, which the lady thought the only diet for the human race, and presented with sugar and water as a refreshment, he had rebelled.

The lady had at once thrown the soup, hot, at his head, and gone into hysterics, declaring that he was an assassin.

But perhaps my mother-in-law had not become French enough for that. However, all writers combine to declare that mothers-in-law create dissension in families, and set the wife against her lawful master; the husband, once subjected, the man was lost.

I would begin by taking the upper hand and thus keep it.

There was a way where there was a will. Thus resolving, I went home at an early hour; and as I walked up the row, whistled to keep my courage up.

There were no lights in the cottage windows as yet, but as I ascended my doorstep, I saw that my door was ajar, and wondering how it happened, entered without noise and closed it. I walked into the parlour.

No one was there. A fire burnt in the grate, and a rocking chair sat before it. Glad of a reprieve, I threw myself into the chair, lit a cigar, and began to smoke. My wife was occupied elsewhere, I supposed; but this was the beginning of my mother-in-law's advent. Ever, until now, had Ann Maria run to the door to greet me with a kiss.

I was vexed, and I shall not attempt to deny it. Well, since she had not cared, I'd not show that I did. I closed my eyes and smoked on. Even when steps entered the room I did not open them.

"I declare," said a voice, "I smell smoke! I smell tobacco! I declare, I believe some one is smoking in this house!" sniff, sniff. "Tobacco smoke, surely!" A match snapped. I opened my eyes, sat up, and saw a stout lady lighting the gas. My mother-in-law was a very big one, with a cap—a white cap—with black ribbons, and she wore black alpaca with flounces. I saw that she was one with whom I must, sooner or later, come to single combat.

Having lit the lamp, she turned toward me, put up a pair of gold glasses, and said, in a tone of suppressed wrath:

"Well, and what does this mean?"

"It means I'm finishing my cigar," I said.

"And I should like to know," said she, "how you came to come into this parlour to finish it?"

"Well, madam, your daughter has never objected to it," said I. "I've smoked many a cigar here, and I shall continue to do so. Any one who doesn't like it can go elsewhere, you know."

"The impudence!" said the old lady. "But either you are mad, or I am. My daughter has not objected to your smoking. You have often smoked in this room, do you say?"

"I have," said I; "many a night I've smoked here until one o'clock, she sitting opposite me, and I got her to try a paper cigarette. Let me roll you one—it would settle your nerves."

"Heavens and earth!" cried the old lady. "My daughter, whom I have brought up with such care, smokes cigarettes with you at one in the morning? Have I been dreaming? Have I been deceived? But, no, it's false—an awful fib."

"You may ask her, madam," said I. "And more than that, I should have done as I pleased, in any case. A man is master in his own house."

"His own house?" said she.

"Yes," said I. "You don't deny, I hope, that I'm your daughter's husband?"

"My daughter's husband!" said she. "Oh, is it true? Have I been deceived? Is he mad, or—Eliza! Eliza! E-e-e-liza!"

As she screamed the name a young woman rushed into the room, looked at me, and shrieked also.

"Eliza Bolivar," said the old lady, "speak, my child, is that man your husband?"

"Why, ma," said the young lady, "I never saw him before."

And now I saw what I had done. I had entered Mrs. Bolivar's house instead of my own; there were Mrs. and Miss Bolivar.

"It is an absurd mistake. Let me explain," I said.

"Not a word," said the old lady. "Not a word. Go."

"Not until I've explained," I said. "My wife—"

"I'm not!" said Eliza Bolivar.

"I don't think you are," said I. "I—"

"You averred that she was," said the old lady. "Wait, Eliza. I see it all. This is a burglar. It's one of their tricks to get us to leave the room while they look for the plate. But hush!—Go to the window and call the police. I'll hold him!"

She grabbed me by the coat-collar. Eliza shrieked from the window: "Help! thieves!" Horror possessed me. I wriggled out of the coat, dashed under the old lady's arms, and rushed, bare-headed and in my shirt-sleeves, into my own area-gate. In a moment more I stood before my wife, our domestic, and a lady whom I knew to be my actual mother-in-law, and who was only Ann Maria twenty years older, and set them screaming too. The street was full of boys. Mrs. Bolivar still shrieked "thieves and murder!" There was nothing for it but to explain, which I did.

"What shall we do?" cried Ann Maria. "Your hat and coat are next door. The wretch will arrest you."

"No she won't," said my mother-in-law. "I'll settle her."

She put on her bonnet and left us. An hour after she returned with my hat and overcoat.

"She's a dreadful creature," said she, "but I've quieted her. I had to tell a fib. I said you were what they call between two wines in France—a little tipsy, you know—and that you took her for me."

"Oh, my son," said Ann Maria's mother, putting her kerchief to her eyes, "did you think I looked like that?"

I kissed her, and we have always been the best of friends ever since.

Mrs. Bolivar always gathers up her flowing robes as she passes me by in the street, and remarks to some invisible familiar: "That intoxicated person," but I don't mind. The sight of her always leads me to think heaven that I am not in reality her son-in-law so devoutly that I have no room for any other feeling.

M. K. D.

BEAUTY AND HEALTH.

FEMALES should be early taught the important fact, that beauty cannot, in reality, exist, independent of health; and that the one is absolutely unobtainable by any practice inconsistent with the other. In vain do they hope to improve their skin, to give a "rosenote hue" to the cheeks, or to augment the grace and symmetry of their forms, unless they are cautious to preserve the whole frame in health, vigour and activity. Beauty of complexion, and to a certain extent that of shape, also, is nothing more than visible health—a pure mirror of the performance of the internal functions, and of their harmony with the external portions of the system; the certain effects of pure air, cheerfulness, temperance, and of exercise, uninterrupted by any species of unnatural constraint.

FACETIE.

THE TRIUMPH OF TEMPER.

FAME (out of patience at the fourth "fib" in a mile): "Hi, this won't do! I shall get out."

CABBY (through the trap, in a whisper): "Ah, thin, sor, never mind her. Sit still. Don't give her the satisfaction of knowing she's got rid of ye!"

—Punch.

"BENEATH THE LOWEST DEEP."

SWELL: "Ah, port-ar, is this twain, ah, composed entirely of second-class sawwidges?"

GLASGOW PORTER: "Na, na, na, there's a wheen third-class ones further forrit there."

—Punch.

MAY, 1877.

WHEN they shall speak a hundred years to come,

In a new age, small, mean, and sordid,

Of these, the good old times—there may be some

Few gallant deeds left unrecorded.

The Hero of the Mine! We'll keep his name—

Our great grand-children tell the story,

How from the Dark, into bright sunlight fame,

Stout hearts have fought, with hands all gory!

Of such tough stuff our Englishmen are made.

The first and foremost in the tussle;

Their foes e'er now full penalty have paid,

Pitted 'gainst British pluck and muscle.

And now war rumours, coming from afar,

Once more set heroes' hearts in motion:

The brave old British Lion 'gainst you,

Think twice! Say, do you like the notion?

—Judy.

AN INDUCEMENT.

PIR: "You should always do what mamma tells you, Sybil. If you always had you'd have been in Heaven long ago."

—Punch.

QUESTION for the Clergy—What objection can you possibly have to a "decent" Barial Bill?

—Punch.

PROOF POSITIVE.

RUSSIA can't contemplate a naval war, or why has she sent for her Pacific Fleet?

—Punch.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.

OBJECTING to allow that Sir Henry Hawkins has any right to "Justice."

WHAT Dr. Kenealy Gives the House When he Apologises to the Speaker—It's dun, instead of his dew-drops.

—Punch.

FROM THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Now that, in consequence of the war, Russian stocks are going down, it is worth recollecting that the best home securities are the fastenings of the front door.

—Judy.

WHAT is the right kind of food for a student with an appetite for figures?—Dates, to be sure.

—Judy.

A HARMLESS kind of petty larceny.—Taking photographs.

—Judy.

THE LATEST HORROR.

MODEL LADIES' MAID: "Cook's not at all well, mem. Quite nightmare, I calls it."

NEWLY-MARRIED YOUNG LADY: "You don't say so, Harkiss? What was it all about?"

M. L. M.: "Well, mem, she dreamt as how we were all a-sitting at dinner quite comfortable like, and she takes off the cover, and what do you think she saw, mem?"

N. M. Y. L.: "I can't guess, really."

M. L. M. (in tones of terror): "American beef!"

—Judy.

SHADY GENTLE PROVERBS.

(Specially adapted to hard up people during May weather.)

A new umbrella-cass covers a multitude of slits. A patch, well put on, is as good as a new shoe. A paper collar never goes to the wash.

Always put off till to-morrow what you cannot pay to-day.

In a shower of rain an old hat often looks as good as a new one.

The man who goes often to the tailor gets the account at last.

Half a pair of gloves is better than none at all. It is a short bill that has no renewal.

Never leave off a brass chain till you get a gold one.

Third-class travelling is as good as second when you meet nobody you know.

Level boot-heels and a light heart always go together.

—Judy.

WANTED, A TESTIMONIAL.—They had a quarrel last Sunday evening. He got mad and swore he'd leave her. Then she got vexed and told him he could do as he pleased.

He left. The next night he came around again. He asked to see her alone. She readily complied.

She was all of a tremor. Her heart went out to him in a gush of sympathetic love. She stood ready to throw both arms around his neck and cry out her joy. There was not much colour in his face, and his voice was husky.

He said: "I have been with you six months, Maitha, and I tried in all that time to do what was right."

He paused an instant to recover the voice which was faltering rapidly, while her trembling increased.

"I know that I have got considerable temper, and that I do not control it always as I ought. But I have tried to be faithful to you, tried to do everything that I thought would tend to make you happy. And feeling this, I have called to-night to see if you wouldn't be kind enough to give me a sort of testimonial to this effect, so that I could show it to any other young lady. It might help me."

He looked at her anxiously. All the colour left her face in a flash. She made a great effort to swallow something which threatened to suffocate her. Then she spoke:

"You get out of this house as quick as you can, you miserable whelp, or my father shall kick you out."

He didn't toy with time. He left without the testimonial.

"CHILD, haven't I told you not to stand so much before the glass?"

"Why, mother, you told me to read and reflect. I have been reading and now I am reflecting."

AN English merchant was dining with a Chinese mandarin, when it struck him that perhaps the dish which he had eaten of so heartily might have been stewed cats, for he heard that they ate cats in China. The Chinaman didn't know English, so his guest, anxiously pointing to the dish, inquired:

"Mow, mow?"

"No, no," said the mandarin, "bow-wow."

"HANDSOME is that handsome does," quoted a man to his wife the other day.

"Yes," replied she, in a winning tone, as she held out her hand, "for instance, a husband who is always ready to hand some money to his wife."

THE LAWYER AND THE FARMER.

"FRIEND FOXCHAFT," said a Quaker to a lawyer, "I desire to ask thy opinion."

"I am all attention."

"Supposing, friend Foxcraft, that my dog went into thy pantry and stole a leg of thy mutton, worth five shillings—what ought I to do then?"

"Pay for the mutton—nothing clearer."

"Exactly, friend Foxcraft, and now know thee that thy dog, Pinchum, whom I well knew by sight, hath stolen a leg of mutton from my pantry, worth exactly five shillings, and now what art thou going to do?"

"Pay for the mutton, of course. Here is the change."

The good Quaker took his five shillings.

"Hold on a moment, my friend; I have a little bill against you."

"Bill against me, friend Foxcroft? Then art certainly labouring under a mistake."

"No mistake at all. I charge you my regular fee of a guinea for professional advice in this case."

"Then verily I must pay thee; but allow me to give it as my opinion, friend Foxcroft, that I have touched pitch and been sadly defiled."

AN OLD-FASHIONED TEACHER.

"PATRICK, do you know your letters?"

"Yes, sur."

"Say them, then."

"I know them by sight, sur, but I don't know their names."

"Well, that is A."

"How are you, A?"

"You must not speak in that way."

"In what way shall I speak, thin, sur?"

"Say what I say."

"Yes, sur."

"This is B."

"Sure, an' is that B? I thought it was an ex-yoke."

"What was the last letter I showed you?"

"I can't remember, sur."

"What bird is it that lays honey and stings?"

"Is it a wasp, sur?"

"No, it is a bee."

"So it is, and looks like an ex-yoke."

"What letter is this third one on the page?"

"I don't know, sur."

"What do I do when I look at you?"

"I shouldn't like to say, sur."

"I want you to tell me."

"I am afraid, sur."

"Tell me what I do when I look at you."

"Well, sur, you squint."

"Can't you say O without the squint?"

"Yes, sur."

"Say it, then."

"C without the squint."

"What is the name of the next letter?"

"I don't know, sur. I never saw it before."

"Well, it is D, for dance; just like yourself. Say that."

"D, for dance; just like yourself."

"Take your seat, and the spelling-class will come up and spell. Spell cat."

"C-a-t—catfish!"

"Tain't right. Now spell tab."

"T-u-b—washtub."

"Tain't right. Now spell frog."

"F-r-o-g—bullfrog."

"Tain't right. Now go to your seats and study. The geography class will come up and say their lessons. James, where does the sun rise?"

"I don't know, sir. We never get up in time to see the performance at our house."

"Next. Where does the sun rise?"

"Down in our lot, sur."

"Next. Where does the sun rise?"

"In the East, sur."

"What makes the sun rise in the East?"

"Yeast will make anything rise, sur."

A SNORE.—A poet thus breaks forth: "Oh! the snore, the beautiful snore, filling the chamber from ceiling to floor! Over the coverlet, under the sheet, from her wee dimpled chin to her pretty feet! Now rising aloft like a bee in June; now sunk to the wall of a cracked bassoon; now flute-like, subsiding, then rising again, is the beautiful snore of Elizabeth Jane!"

STATISTICS.

PAUPERISM.—The number of paupers in receipt of relief from the rates in England and Wales at Christmas, 1876—minus about 3 per cent., say 20,000, for vagrants and lunatic paupers in asylums not included in the report—was 674,133, or 4.0 per cent. less than at Christmas, 1875, and 10.2 per cent. less than at Christmas, 1874. The decrease in the Metropolis was greater, being 5.1 per cent. as compared with Christmas, 1875, and 14.2 per cent. compared with Christmas, 1874. Comparing Christmas, 1876, with Christmas, 1875, and passing from south to north, we find a decrease of 7.7 per cent. in the south-eastern division, 4.1 per cent. in the south-western, 8.3 per cent. in the eastern, 7.2 per cent. in the south-midland, only 0.8 per cent. in the west-midland, 5.1 per cent. in the north-midland, 1.7 per cent. in the Welsh, 1.0 per cent. in the north-western (Lancashire and Cheshire), 0.2 per cent. in Yorkshire, and 0.9 per cent. in the northern division.

An account has been issued, showing that the abolition of purchase will cost us this year half a million of money, £14,000 less than last year. In compensation for the sale of ordinary commissions, £473,000 will be spent; and £20,000 goes to the Royal (late Indian) Artillery and Engineers, and £2,400 to the Gentlemen-at-Arms.

TO WILLIE.

DEAR, lost playmate, the years seem so long
Since you drifted away from my sight,
And to-night o'er my spirit and memories
I can hear life's music, its laughter, or song.
I am weary and lonely to-night.

Far in the distance the lights of the town
Glimmer cheerfully out on the night,
While the gray halls of twilight the wind
wanders down
Are now stealing the gems from night's
crystalline crowns,
And they sprinkle the evening with Night.

But to-night, in my star-lighted room,
I am thinking, with yearning and pain,
Of the beautiful days ere you passed through
the tomb;
When our youth was around us, with beauty
and bloom;
And we saw not life's storm-cloud of rain.

When you drifted away in the morn,
Life's young roses lay bright round your
way.

But your friend wandered on till the roses
were torn,
And her fingers were mangled and pierced
by the thorn
That is left when the roses decay.

Oh! if I could have stood by your side,
Just to watch the last gleam of your smile,
Or to catch the last words floating back o'er
the tide
That has borne you away where the still
waters glide
By the shores of the Magical Isle.

Then, methinks, I could better have said,
"Oh! not my will, my Father, but thine;"
And then, leaving you low in the vale of the
dead,
With the green summer grass waving over
your head,
Could have turned to the friendships yet
mine.

For perhaps your last words would have
told
You would wait for me there by the bars,
Where the portals of amethyst, blazoned
with gold,
And concealing the glories unknown and
untold,
Are the end of the pathway of stars.

But, when weary and toilworn, the sod
Close above my pale forehead be pressed;
And the spectral hand leads me the path-
way you trod,
To the realms of the blest, to the mansions
of God,
In his hand I will leave all the rest.

And then He, who has given me, through
grace,
A dear home in the Eden above,
If his will be that I shall but look on his
face,
He will guide me at last to that heavenly
place,
And will lead me to those that I love.

B. D.

GEMS.

You should forgive many things in others, but
nothing in yourself.

We are to relieve the distressed, to put the wan-
derer into his way, and to divide our bread with the
hungry, which is but the doing of good to ourselves,
for we are only members of one great body.

The more a man works, the less time he will have
to grumble about hard times.

Wise men are instructed by reason; men of less
understanding by experience; the most ignorant by
necessity; the beasts by nature.

Hope—A mistress whom we still love and still
believe, though she has often deceived us, because
we cannot be happy without her.

Such as hear disabbling discourse, and repeat it
again to the persons concerned, are much mistaken
if they think to oblige them by such indiscreet con-
fidences.

Many who would not for the world utter a false-
hood, are yet eternally scheming to produce false
impressions on the minds of others respecting facts,
characters and opinions.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

NEVER put water on a burn. As soon as possible
apply oil, and let no air come to the wound.

ORANGE BRANDY.—Put the peel of two dozen
oranges into a quart of brandy, and a gallon of
sherry wine. Let them macerate for a month, strain
and add a pound of loaf-sugar.

TO REMOVE IRON RUST OR INK SPOTS.—Moisten
the spot and apply salts of lemon until it disappears,
and rinse well. Salts of lemon are made of equal
parts of oxalic and tartaric acid, and any person can
make them for their own use. Another way is to
moisten with lemon juice, sprinkle on salt, and lay
in the sun. If ink is spilled on coloured goods that
will not bear acids, soak them immediately in sweet
milk, boiling hot. Hot melted tallow poured through
ink stains will remove them.

POTATO SCALLOPS.—Boil and mash the potatoes
soft with a little milk; beat up light with melted
butter a dessertspoonful for every half pint of the
potato; salt and pepper to taste; fill some patty pans
or buttered scallop shells with the mixture, and
brown in an oven. Stamp a pattern on the top of
each; glaze while hot with butter, and serve in the
shells.

DYEING COCHINEAL RED ON FLANNEL.—For 22
lbs. flannel, use 1 lb. 10 ozs. oxalic acid, 8½ ozs. tin
crystals, 2 lbs. 3 ozs. cochineal, and 2 oz. flavin are
boiled well together, cooled, the goods entered and
wined till the desired shade is produced. If a blue
tint is required, no flavin is added; but for yellow
tones as much as 1½ oz. flavin, may be used.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SHAKING HANDS.—The French rarely shake
hands, and only with friends with whom they are
on intimate terms. In this case they give the left
hand, near the heart. Both hands given at once is
a graceful salutation, and presupposes an unusual
amount of cordiality; but, if not impromptu, it has
the effect of affectation rather than genuine hearti-
ness.

The last Field Marshal in the British army not
belonging to the Royal Family, General Sir J. F.
Fitzgerald, has died at Tours, at the age of ninety-
one years. He was buried by order of the French
Minister with the honours due to his military rank.

The 139th anniversary of the Royal Society of Mu-
sicians has taken place at the Freemasons' Tavern,
Lord Skelmersdale presided. The total amount of
subscriptions was over £1,400, including a donation
of £100 from the Earl of Dudley and £50 from the
chairman. A great feature of the evening's proceed-
ings was, naturally, the musical performances, in
which the following vocalists took part:—Miss
Robertson, Miss Samuel (Parepa Rosa Scholar), Miss
Orridge (Quize gold medalist), and Mr. W. H.
Cummings. Mrs. Beesley presided at the pianoforte,
Mr. J. T. Carrodus at the violin, and M. Olof Svens-
den at the flute.

The 313th anniversary of the birth of William
Shakespeare, and the 261st of his death, has been
observed at Stratford-upon-Avon by the foundation-
stone-laying of a memorial theatre near the church
where his ashes lie. Lord Leigh, the Provincial
Grand Master of the Freemasons of Warwickshire,
laid the stone, and was supported at the ceremony
and at the subsequent luncheon by a distinguished
company of Freemasons and others. In the course
of a speech Mr. Creswick remarked that a memorial
theatre implied a dramatic school, and he pleaded
earnestly for national support to such a school of art.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. R.—A good harness dressing made of neat-foot oil one gallon, and lampblack four ounces, stirred well together.

E. B.—Your brother is too severe, and your papa is a wise girl to laugh at your girlish pranks. At thirteen a girl may romp even with the house dog, and run races with her four-footed companion, and be applauded, for it is good exercise for her growing body. Tell your brother, who, from your description, ought to be a parson, that at fifteen you will be as shy as a bird, at seventeen as timid and blushing as a summer rose, and at twenty as gentle and reserved as all girls should be at that poetical and entrancing age.

M. K. is engaged to a girl who persists in smirking and bowing to every coxcomb who pleases to laugh up at her drawing-room window. Is "M. K." justified in breaking off the engagement? Certainly! Window coquetry is indolence, and is a sure index to a vain, vulgar disposition. The ill-natured draw much stronger conclusions from such conduct.

J. M.—The "Gulf Stream" is generally considered to be nothing more or less than the waters of the mighty river Amazon—a river more than sixty miles in width—which being gathered into one enormous basin for more than one thousand miles under the Equator, are extremely warm, and shoot out into the Atlantic for more than one hundred miles. It takes its course round the great bay formed between the two continents of North and South America, passes along the northern coast of South America, past the West India Islands, Cuba, Florida, the capes of Virginia, the south coast of North America and Newfoundland, into the Atlantic. Its influence renders the climate of Great Britain genial, and without it the British Islands would become a bleak, cold, inhospitable region, as cold as Iceland.

Eva.—To improve the complexion, flowers of sulphur, mixed with milk, is very beneficial. Mix a little of both together, let the mixture stand an hour or two; then take the milk without disturbing the sulphur, and before washing rub into the skin, which will render it soft and clear. Make the mixture over night with evening milk, to use next morning, but not afterwards. The name of Gertrude is from the German, and signifies "all truth."

ETTER.—The word psalm signifies "a song of praise;" it is derived from another word which means to touch or to beat, because the singing of psalms was originally accompanied with musical instruments, which were played upon by being touched with the fingers like a guitar, or beaten.

PETER.—The only means of removing superfluous hair effectually is to eradicate it by means of small forceps made for the purpose. Only five or six should be made in the course of twenty-four hours, and those not close together. The parts should be afterwards washed with spirits of wine. All depilatories are dangerous.

N. S.—With regard to sending or not sending out wedding cards, you may please yourself. The custom is now, perhaps, more honoured in the breach than in the observance. The engraver will inform you what is the current fashion of cards, which changes frequently.

VOLUNTARY.—You cannot do better than procure some of Cooper's Efficacious Lozenges. As the summer progresses you will find them invaluable—not to say indispensable—on the march, and very useful at other times. They are the most efficacious throat-quenchers we know of, and as they can be carried in the waistcoat pocket, a most desirable relief from your tantalisier can be had at any moment. They can be had at any chemist's, or at any rate from the manufacturer, 26, Oxford Street.

M. E.—Decidedly not.

DICK.—Leave that matter to the decision of the young lady.

FRED.—Eugene Sue was born at Paris in 1807. He was the son of an eminent surgeon. His most successful works were "The Wandering Jew," and the "Mysteries of Paris." He died in exile in Savoy, August 3rd, 1857.

LOUISE, seventeen, dark brown hair, brown eyes, tall, wishes to correspond with a young gentleman between eighteen and nineteen. Respondent must be fond of home, medium height, good-looking, dark hair, dark eyes.

ADA and JULIA wish to correspond with two young gentlemen, with a view to matrimony. Ada is seventeen, dark hair and eyes; Julia is eighteen, dark hair, and blue eyes. Respondents must be between eighteen and twenty.

EDWARD, twenty, light brown hair, dark brown eyes, would like to correspond with a young lady between eighteen and twenty-three. Respondents must be in a good position.

WILL and HAL, two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies, with a view to matrimony. Will is twenty-eight, brown curly hair, brown eyes, dark, and fond of home. Hal is twenty-seven, medium height.

E. L. and EDWIN, two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. E. L. is twenty-five, tall, of a loving disposition. Edwin is twenty-two. Both are educated.

DAN and HENRY, two seamen in the Royal Navy, wish to correspond with two young ladies. Dan is twenty-four, brown hair, blue eyes, considered good-looking. Henry is twenty-three, considered good-looking, black hair, dark eyes, and of a very loving disposition. They must be tall, dark, good-looking, and about their own age.

HARRY and BOB, two friends, would like to exchange carte-de-visites with two young men. Harry is twenty, medium height, good-looking. Bob is twenty-two, tall, dark. Respondents must be good-looking, and fond of music.

UNDER THE GAS-LIGHT.

A gilded tavern in a city street,
A ragged child with shoeless feet;
A wretched man with threadbare coat,
Whose reason totters on its throne,
Whose manhood trails in the dust;
A lowly beast would scorn to own.
This was the scene I saw one night
Under the rays of the chill gas-light.

"Father, I'm tired of travelling about,
The cruel landlord has tormented me out;
Oh, let us go back to our beautiful home,
And my gentle mother kind.
I've looked all day in the snowy street,
But the house I could not find."
These were the words I heard that night
Under the rays of the chill gas-light.

And the busy throng went to and fro,
Each with his burden of joy or woe.
Some were haggard, and full of care,
Others seemed light and gay;
Many were wicked, and some were good,
Who went their onward way.
And many I saw, who staggered that night,
Under the rays of the chill gas-light.

There'd be fewer women with faces pale,
And fewer orphaned babes to wail;
There'd be fewer prisoners full of desperate men,
And fewer wives to weep and wait;
There'd be fewer to starve and fewer to die,
And fewer to stop at the poor-house gate,
If not a tavern could be found to-night,
Under the rays of the chill gas-light. T. B.

ELIOS, seventeen, tall, fond of home and children, dark, would like to exchange carte-de-visite with a gentleman, about twenty-nine.

ALICE and MINNIE, two friends, would like to receive carte-de-visites of two young gentlemen. Alice is twenty, tall, light hair, blue eyes. Minnie is twenty-four, tall, brown hair, blue eyes. They are both good-looking. Mechanics preferred.

T. A. and T. S., two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. T. A. is twenty-two, medium height, dark. T. S. is twenty-one, medium height, dark.

MOLLY, nineteen, auburn hair, brown eyes, good-looking, would like to correspond with a fair, good-looking young man, fond of home.

PERRY, twenty, good-looking, fair, would like to receive carte-de-visites of a young lady between seventeen and eighteen. Respondent must be good-looking, of a loving disposition.

WILLIAM F., CHARLES S., and WALTER, three seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with three young ladies. William F. is twenty-two, good-looking. Charles S. is twenty-one, fair, hazel eyes, fond of home and music. Walter is twenty, dark brown eyes, fond of home.

GRACE W., twenty-two, would like to correspond with a gentleman who must be tall, fair, and of a loving disposition.

MILLY H., seventeen, dark, fond of home, thoroughly domesticated, would like to correspond with a young man. Must be about nineteen, tall, dark, handsome, fond of home.

BOWSPRIT, a seaman in the Royal Navy, thirty-three, would like to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony. She must be about twenty-nine, fond of home.

ALGERNON, twenty, brown hair, black eyes, accomplished, would like to correspond with a young lady, with a view to matrimony, twenty-three, thoroughly domesticated.

MIKE, a seaman in the Royal Navy, twenty-three, tall, hazel eyes, medium height, would like to correspond with a young woman about twenty, medium height, dark.

HARRIET and MARGARET, two friends, would like to exchange carte-de-visites with two young gentlemen, with a view to matrimony. Harriet is tall, good-looking, blue eyes, and fond of music. Margaret is tall, dark, good-looking, brown hair, brown eyes.

J. W., twenty-two, good-looking, dark hair and eyes, fond of music, and of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a young lady who must be in a good position.

X. D. and W. M., two friends, wish to correspond with two young ladies. X. D. is twenty, good-looking, medium height. W. M. is nineteen, brown hair, blue eyes, and fair.

E. E. and C. C., two seamen in the Royal Navy, wish to correspond with two ladies, who must be tall, medium height, dark, and of loving dispositions. E. E. is twenty-five, considered handsome, good-tempered, dark complexion, light hair, and light blue eyes. C. C. is twenty-six, considered good-looking, medium height, of a loving disposition.

PETER, a seaman in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with a young lady about nineteen, dark, grey eyes. He is twenty-one, medium height, brown hair, hazel eyes.

JACK, thirty-five, good-looking, medium height, blue eyes, brown hair, would like to correspond with a lady about thirty-one. Widow not objected to. Must be affectionate.

G. F. and F. Y., two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies. G. F. is twenty-three, black hair, blue eyes, and medium height, of a loving disposition. F. Y. is twenty-four, medium height, auburn hair, blue eyes. Respondents must be of loving dispositions, dark, and fond of home and music.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

F. D. F. is responded to by—Martha, nineteen, good-looking, dark hair.

ELLEN by—David, a sailor in the Royal Navy, fair, tall, curly hair, of a loving disposition. Thinks he is all she requires.

L. X. by—Mary, tall and dark.

M. W. by—Louisa, nineteen.

EMMA by—Thomas M., eighteen, medium height, thinks he is all she requires.

JOSE by—Lucy, sixteen, light hair, hazel eyes, fond of home and children.

TIM by—Nettie, sixteen, good-looking, fair, medium height.

EMMA by—Will, medium height.

ALICE by—Richard, eighteen, light hair, grey eyes, and fond of home.

GEORGE by—Robin, in a good position, tall, and of dark complexion.

ALICE by—B. B., twenty-four, tall, considered good-looking.

LILY by—Tim, twenty, dark hair and eyes, fair, and of a loving disposition.

HELEN by—D. J., considered good-looking, medium height, brown hair, dark blue eyes, and of a loving disposition.

GESSIE by—W., twenty, thoroughly domesticated, and tall.

M. M. by—Mary, twenty-three, fair complexion, good-tempered.

JAMES by—Polly H. M., twenty-five, dark, thoroughly domesticated.

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